

Shirley

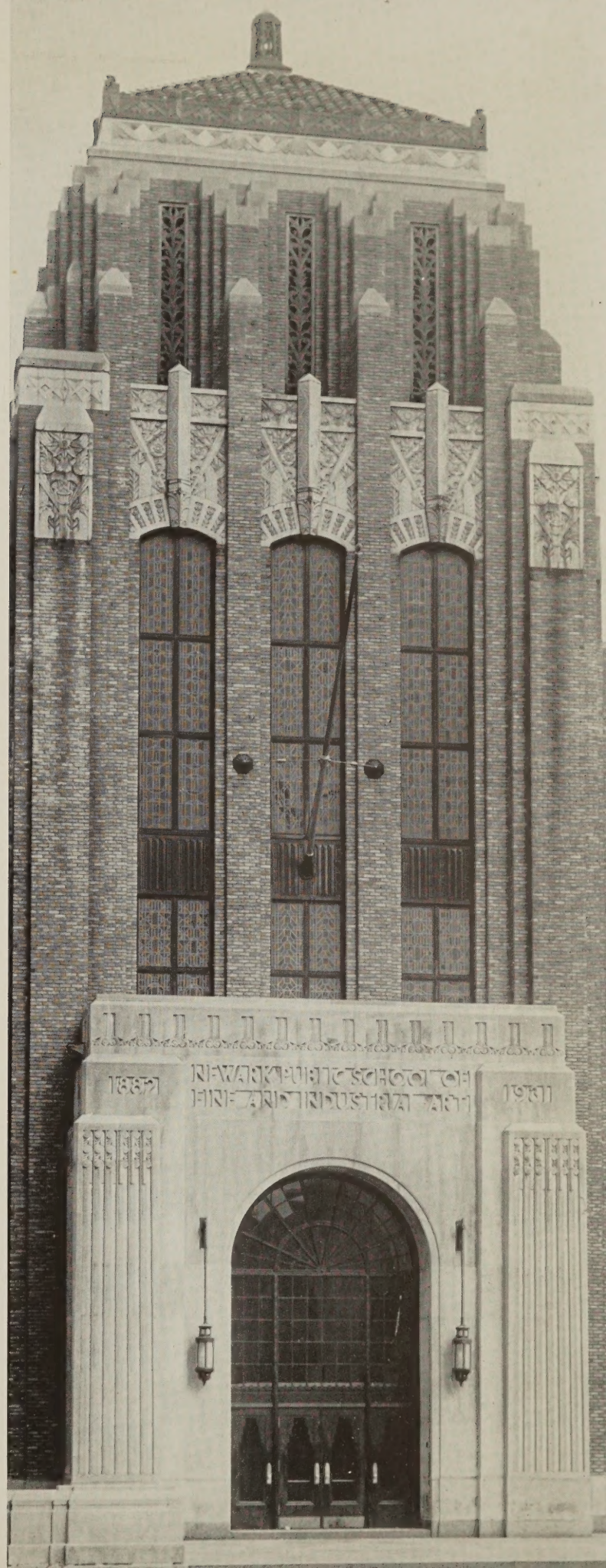


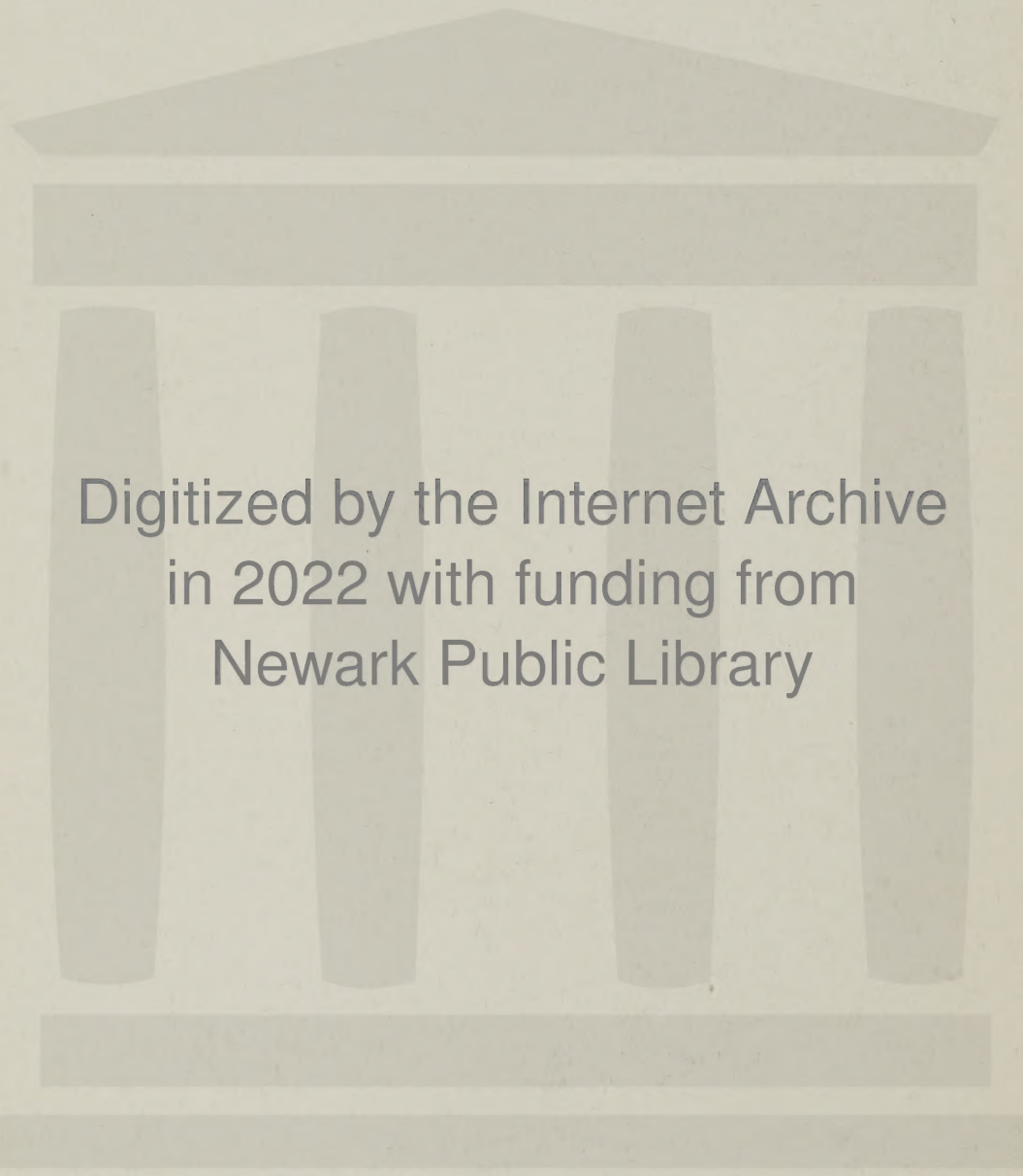
VIGNETTE

EGON STARK



Herein, we have resolved to break the shackles of tradition, to be original, and to set upon these pages a true account of our high school career in a manner which we believe to be most suitable and agreeable to the members of our class. We have not instituted any radical changes, but we have endeavored to give our classmates a year book that may be cherished by each of us, one that may often be perused in later years with pride and enjoyment.





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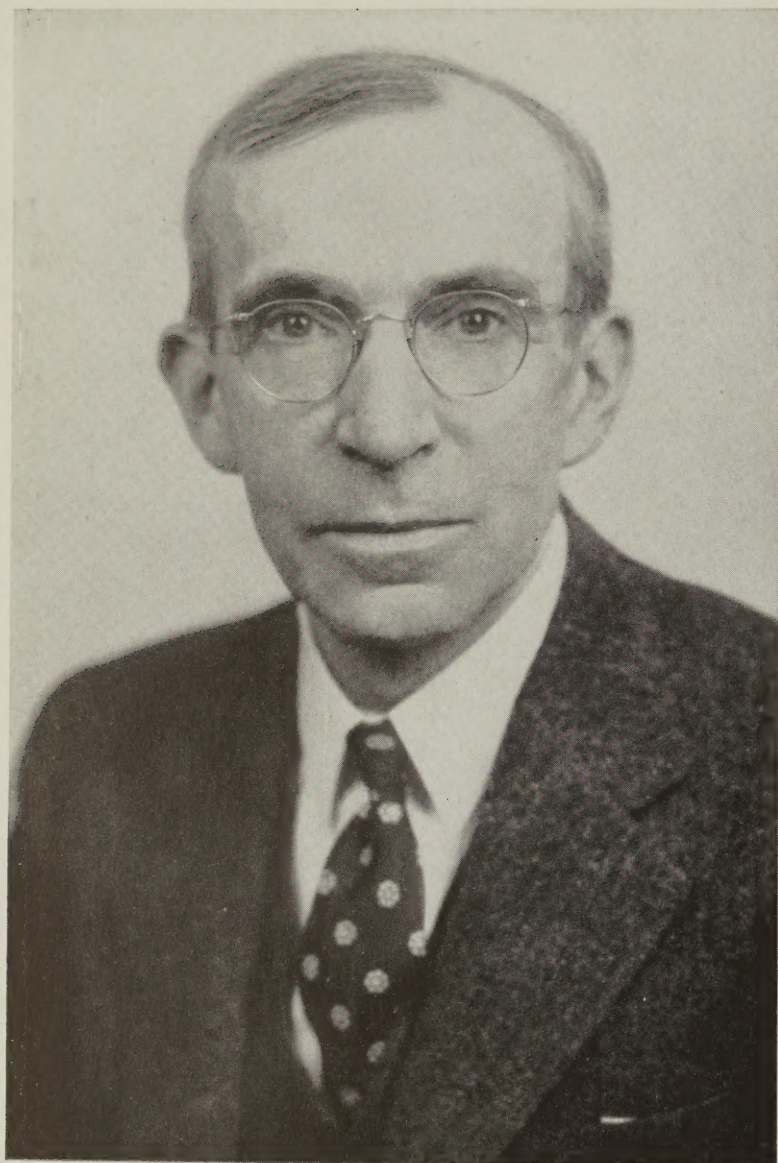
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THE VIGNETTE

ANNUAL PUBLICATION OF THE SENIOR CLASSES
OF THE ARTS HIGH SCHOOL : : 1940 - 1941



NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



≡ TO ALL SENIORS

The publication of the Vignette marks another milestone in the history of Arts High School. As the years advance, it is a source of the highest gratification to those in authority to note the constantly increasing number of students who appreciate the advantages of a type of education which exalts art, music, and the drama to their rightful place in the educational scheme.

Soon you will be listed as **alumni**, privileged to carry the flag of Arts High into countless fields of endeavor. As students, your loyalty to the school has been its tower of strength; as graduates it is your high privilege to exemplify the law of beauty in your daily lives. Build them for a future which glorifies all that you have learned to say or do, for the common good, for the worthiest endeavor, and for the truth eternal in the heavens.

Harrison E. Webb.



ARTS HIGH SCHOOL

ADMINISTRATIVE



FINE ARTS FACULTY



1940 VIGNETTE 1941

INDUSTRIAL ART — PHYSICAL EDUCATION



HISTORY, ENGLISH, SCIENCE, MATHEMATICS



ARTS HIGH SCHOOL

P. M. FACULTY



THE FACULTY

ADMINISTRATION

Mr. Webb
Miss Hayes
Mrs. Fersko

Miss Loebel
Miss D'Alessandro
Miss Allerdice

Miss Gustafson

ART AND MUSIC

Miss Stewart
Mrs. Meek
Miss Howard
Mr. Crafts

Mr. Landsman
Miss Grace Johnston
Miss Brown
Miss Piaget

Mrs. Schulz
Miss Thorpe
Miss Beane
Mr. Rudolph

PHYSICAL EDUCATION, HEALTH, INDUSTRIAL ARTS

Mr. Levin
Mrs. Cross
Mr. Criswell
Mr. Van Houten

Mrs. Barnett
Miss Nisenson
Miss Shrimplin
Mr. Peterson

Mrs. Lass
Miss Anna Johnston

ENGLISH, HISTORY, LANGUAGES, SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS

Mr. Rich
Mrs. Fulop
Miss Shirley
Miss Brooker
Miss Keehner
Mr. Trapido

Mr. Lowry
Mr. Perry
Mr. Faber
Miss Travelsted
Miss Kruck
Miss Eddy

Mr. Chasen
Mr. Nappi
Mr. Deardorff
Miss Emmett
Miss Kilcullen
Mr. Weber

AFTERNOON FACULTY

Mr. Ormond
Mr. Schwarz
Mr. Griffiths

Miss Rames
Mr. Conway
Mr. Morrow

Mr. Gross
Mr. Smith
Mr. Jannone

IN DEFENSE OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION

I had at first intended this as a vicious cut at the Elder Generation, in return for the many vicious attacks which we, the Younger Generation, have received of them. However, I decided after due consideration that it would be unsportsman-like to do so as they are too old and staggering to stand such impertinence. After some reflection I decided that they are really tenderly pitying us for having to step timorously forward into the hard, cruel world. I undertake, then, to show them that they are wasting their time—to protest against this needless pity. We can take it.

In the first place what are they worrying about? I disregard their statements that we "lack courage to face the facts", as drivel. As to the facts in question—what are they? Oh, the world is messy at the moment, yes—but this is not the first time. There have been wars—bloody, grueling, tragic; all of it—since the beginnings of man. But people shudder at the thought of "total war", "wiping out civilization", the "murder of mankind", etc., etc. They said practically the same thing the last time except that they thought there would be no next time. There is a difference right there—we, the Younger Generation, are perfectly conscious that this war now progressing is not the last, nor the next-to-last-even close to that. We may, like so many others, have to face two wars in our lifetimes, since they come at approximately twenty-year intervals. But observe—we are not weak-kneed with horror; we are not cursing our distant forbears for bringing all this upon our youthful heads; as a matter of fact, though we are conscious of our civil duties, at the moment we are worrying whether the Red Sox can take the oppressing Yankees. We prefer that sort of war.

Mothers often see a movie like "All Quiet on the Western Front" and come home with the idea of throwing their children out the window so that they will escape the horrors of such a war. What a silly, though very human reaction! And what a grim, cruel thought! Naturally, one doesn't take that kind of notion seriously but there are perfectly serious ideas of transporting children to Wango-Pango for the same reason. By doing so those parents would deprive their children of all the remarkable opportunities for happiness which lurk

all over the world. There is so much to live for that taking the risk of being involved in a war, no matter how grim and cruel, is a small hardship. The chances are good of keeping clear entirely. What to live for? Art, music, green fields, baseball, football, food, books, fishing, business, loafing, radio, work, wives, husbands, children, politics, fighting, cars, travel, social climbing, nonsense, writing, poetry, natural history, mysteries, funny papers, friends, lovers, plays, wines—liquors, if you like—mountain climbing, practical joking, movies, boxing—what else? All those things to enjoy—hard work one of the best, with problems to face—it all makes a grand existence. We may have to fight off a terrific national debt—all this is the spice of life! How would we like living in a Utopia? Nothing to life but a bowl of cherries—lucrative jobs, peace, etc? It would be a terrible state of affairs. How much better that we must "get out and get under"; that there is a burden for us to shoulder? True, if there were only one of us to carry the burden single-handed, like Atlas, then we would have reason for despair. But there are millions of young, capable shoulders to shoulder that burden. And we all intend to shoulder it.

We do not intend to be satisfied with being cogs in a wheel. We may be such cogs but we shall strive for personal gains and outstanding achievements. Teamwork is all very well—it is fine, but there is a strong, unrelenting urge to leave one's mark in the world. There will be few such marks but competition is more likely to produce bigger and harder-to-erase marks. A very select few will make history—not, I hope militaristic history. Even if many of us die unknown—even unsavory, if we have had our small measure of happiness and satisfaction, there will be little personal regret at dying in such an unpretentious fashion.

I have spoken in an optimistic vein, but will close with a higher note of optimism. It may be true that civilization is preparing to hibernate for a few centuries; it may be true that mankind is running a very bad race; if all this is so, don't wait for us to give it a shove in the backward direction—we will grab it by the suspenders and haul it back to its proper level, God willing.

Paul Bacon.



DEDICATION

We reserve this page in our Vignette to thank Miss Alice Keehner, the teacher who made this publication possible. Our gratitude to her is even greater for leading us along a high road that she herself had never traveled before. To her, therefore, we dedicate this book.

IT'S GREAT TO BE A SENIOR

It's great to be a senior of dear old Arts High
But sad I am to realize the years are fleeting by,
For I have been so happy here and cannot understand
Why there must be an end to things just when one feels so grand.

I thought it fine to be a sophomore four short years ago,
For I was but a freshman then and was quite filled with woe.
And when I was a sophomore I had the fondest dream
To be a junior, for, indeed, I held them in esteem.

And then a junior—what a thrill—a fourth year student soon . . .
And now that time has come it seems, I sing another tune,
A thrill to be a senior, but sad I am 'tis true
Because, Arts High, it means that soon I say farewell to you.

Anne Cucciniello.

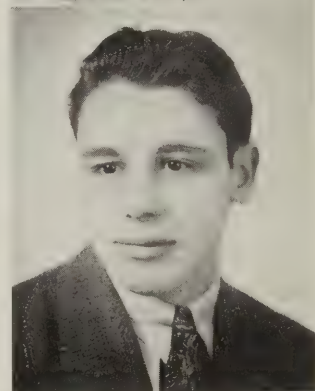
JUNEC LASS

Angelina Lepore. Three cheers for the one and only class president we ever had! She has worked tirelessly, and unselfishly for us for four years, but she has never been able to do the one required thing—to be in homeroom before the bell rings. Among her successes were the chocolate sale, 3A dance, and best of all that February dance at Barringer.

Stephen Carter Tafaro, Jr. Wherever there is a crowd of admiring girls you can be sure Steve is in the middle of it, gracefully trying to escape. He is one of our most talented art students, but although he is very modest about it, there is an old saying, "You can't hide a light under a bushel basket". Aside from being Vice-President of our class, Steve was Art Editor of the Vignette, Health Officer, and a member of the baseball team.

Erna Friedrick. Erna is really and truly an all around girl, with a well stocked supply of that trait called personality. All of us have suffered well because of her jokes, and we will be at a loss when we can no longer see her walk into homeroom; tardy as usual. Her ambition? A tuba player.

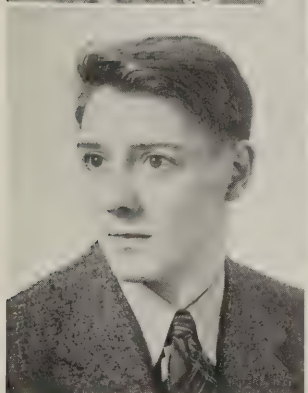
Carolyn Ringenback. Faithful to the Paris designers, Carol tries out all their latest inspirations in clothes and hair-do's. The effects are often very striking. Here's hoping that Carol will keep on getting as much fun out of life as she is now, and that soon she will hold her own in the designing world. Carol was a member of the Library Guild.



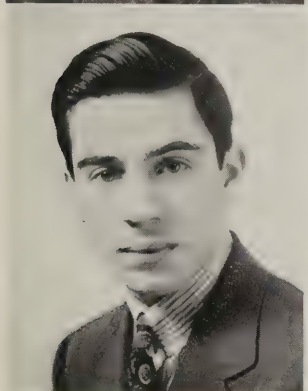
JUNEE CLASSES



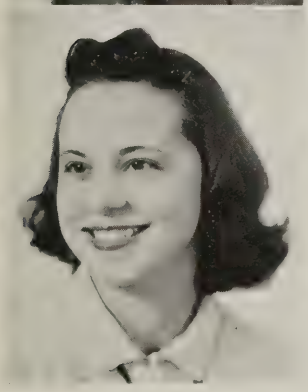
Emily Abramo. Emily is one of those you will remember longest. Why? Because she is so unselfish, genuine, and unaffected. Her cheerful wit, and ability to converse with everyone will carry Emily far in her future associations. We are sure she will succeed in anything she undertakes. She has been a member of the Personal Staff of the Vignette.



William L. Archibald. Archie is one of our happy seniors who possesses a considerable amount of intelligence, and humor—a combination of qualities which you seldom find in one person. His bevy of friends will never permit him to be lonesome. During his stay at Arts High he participated in the following activities: Track, Dramatic Club, Biology Club, and the Red Cross.



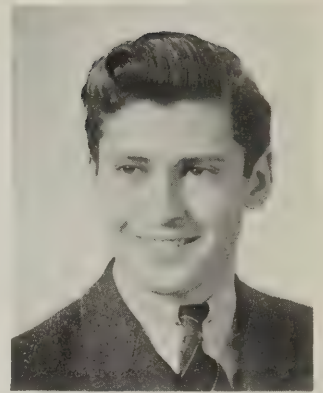
Fred Ascoli. The position of President of the Photo Club is really something considering the short span of a year during which Fred has been an Arts High student. He is also interested in fencing. Fred is one of the more reserved members of the senior class who takes his work quite seriously on the whole. He hopes to be an aeronautical engineer some day, and expects to go to Newark Tech. to prepare for it.



Dorothy Bell. "Belle" who is quiet until you know her, is the S. S. S. girl—small, smart, and sweet. In "Belle" we have a friend, sincere, and true. She possesses a jolly, and fun-loving nature which has proved, and will prove a decided asset. Her chief ambition is to become a Medical Secretary. She has been a faithful member of the Choir, and Dramatic Club.

S S A L C E N U J

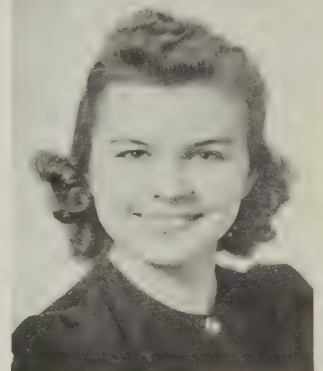
Joel Berkowitz. Fencing and Joel just seem to go together, and why not when he is Captain of our team? He is also a member of "Salle d'Arms Scafate" Fencing Club. Joel's hard work has made our fencing team, one we can well be proud of. He is also a member of the Track Team. We hope that when graduation comes there will be someone who can at least try to fill Joel's shoes.



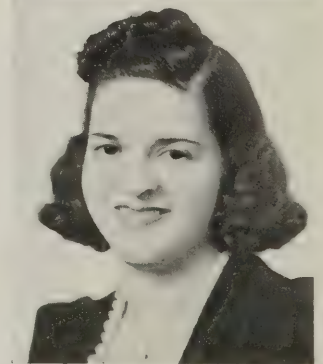
Milton Berman. "He jumps through the air with the greatest of ease." Chap was the school's most valuable high jumper, and the old Alma Mater will surely feel the loss when the final day rolls 'round. He received his letter while on the '38 team. His pet saying is "Lend me your homework" showing that his thoughts of school stop at its door. His activities were Track, Red Cross, Dramatic Club, Scope, and Health Council. He intends to go to the University of Long Island to take the Physical Education Course.



Oksana Bezruchko. Few people know Oksana, and her abilities. She left Arts to go to a New York School, and came back in her senior year. Besides being an artist, she plays the piano like a second Rachmaninoff, and dances her native Czechoslovakian folk dances with ease. With this great amount of talent—well—need we prophesy? While in this school she belonged to the Modern Dance Group, and Choir. She intends to continue in an Art School.



Lucille Blum. Although Lucille has been a home student she has never lost interest in the students, and activities of Arts High. She has attended our concerts, Arts High Nite, and mid-year commencement. Lucille, always interested in the finer things of life such as music, art, and literature, tries her hand at writing and has been Business Manager of the "Magnet" the home students' yearly publication for three consecutive years. After graduation she hopes to study the operation of various business machines as she wants to be a secretary.



J U N E C L A S S



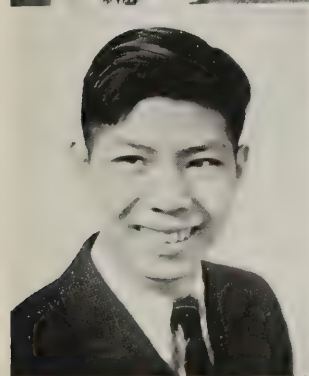
Grace Bowne. A cheerful disposition, and a gay smile are among Grace's many assets. An amiable companion, her friendships are many. Not only has she talent for friendliness, but for art as well. Grace expects to continue at Pratt Institute as a stepping stone to a career in commercial art. She has been a member of the Poster Committee, and the Dramatic Club.



Mildred Brooks. She may be an honor student but she's not a goody-goody. Results, after a year in chemistry: a solid knowledge of chemistry, one magnificent black sweater knitted as she absorbed Mr. Lowry's lectures, and a head start on another. Her only fault is that she doesn't air her learning often enough. She was instrumental in preparing this book for you.



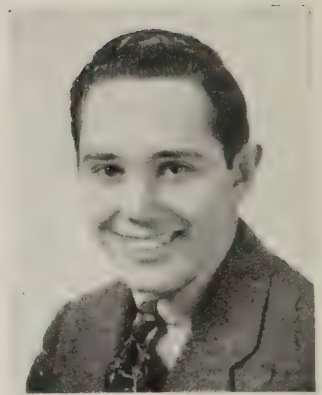
Theresa Catino. "Terry" is one of the more energetic workers of our class. A proof of this is all the work she carries out in the office after school hours. She is one of those people who looks ahead so—she went to summer school and thus eliminated History and English from her schedule this past term.



John Chung. John is one of those original people through, and through, even when it comes to excuses. One day in History near the end of a test Miss Kruck noticed that John was not partaking of the privilege given to the rest of the class. Being asked why he had not taken the test John replied, "I'm sorry, but I wasn't given any paper." Now to turn to more serious topics, John is a very active, and enthusiastic Fencing Club member.

SS CLA C E N U J

George Cohen. We have many "men with few words" but we also have a man with many words; he is the one, the only George. He is not bashful, but he did refuse to visit the girls' "Campus Shop" to buy himself an earmuffed cap, even with a girl as company. George has belonged to many clubs in school such as Track, Cross Country, Red Cross, Dramatics, Health Council, and was the Sports Editor of the Scope. He intends to become a "beeg bizness" man after he takes a course at New York University.



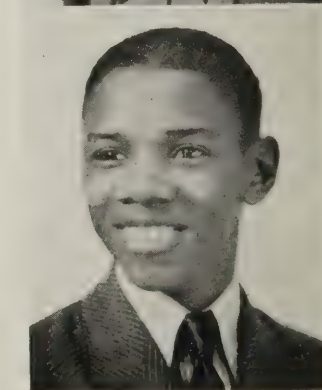
Anne G. Cucciniello. "Gee, but I'm hungry" is one of the phrases best associated with Anne. Every morning at ten o'clock she can be seen walking down the corridor munching graham crackers or in the cafeteria peeling her favorite fruit "an orange". "Cuchie" coming from Orange, has been with us for only two years, but she certainly has made up for lost time. She excels in Art and Sewing. Seriously, Anne your smiling countenance, sense of humor and ladylike manners will be missed by all your friends. She has been an industrious worker for our yearbook, and the Scope. Her chief ambition is to become a sewing teacher.



Olive Cummings. Where, Oh, Where has our little Olive gone, Oh, Where! Oh Where can she be! That is a familiar phrase when Olive "is" but now it's "was" around. Her ability to appear, and disappear have led some of her many friends to believe she might have Mandrake, yes, the magician, for a close friend.



Alvin Daniels. Alvin is one of the smallest boys of our class, but he is true to the saying that, "Good things come in small packages." He has made many friends with his quiet manners, and interest in everyone. Arts High has the pleasure of claiming "Duke" again in the fall because he will come back and take a P. G. course in order to have the proper requirements to enter a business school.



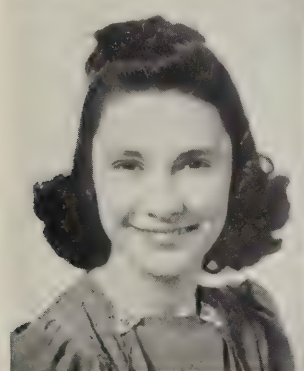
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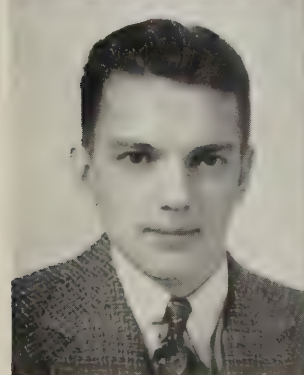
Louise D'Amato. Louise does not have much to say, but we must remember that "Silence is wisdom". Modest, cultured, and refined describes her very well. She has been a great asset to our class although she has been with us only two years. Louise is also a fine dressmaker. More power to you!



Viola Davis. Viola is always very gay and carefree, seeming never to worry about anything. Her cheerful attitude toward life will carry her far on the road to success. Viola expects to enter Bordentown to take up costume designing. May she achieve success in her chosen field of work.



Mary Descoteau. The name "trouble" really fits Mary to a "T". It was bestowed upon her when she was just a wee sophomore. Mary is the kind of trouble that is very pleasing and pleasant to have around. Our greatest shock was when Mary actually completed a skirt in sewing. It took her about one year to finish it.



John Eksted. John is just a newcomer to this school, but his good looks and genial nature have made him popular. He says little, but seems to think a lot. John expects to become a mechanical engineer and will enter Newark Tech. in September.

S S A L C E N J U R

Helen Fabiano. The world could use more people like Helen. She speaks only when there is something important to be said, and she is one of our star pupils. Full of fun, and quite amusing, Helen can be depended upon when good work is needed.



Matteo Fallivene. "Mat" never fails to have a cheery hello for anyone, and his witty remarks have won him many friends. He is interested in commercial art, and Fawcett Art Institute will claim him in the fall. He has been a faithful member of Red Cross, Gym Club, Board of Aldermen, Swimming and Tennis Clubs.



Katherine Filoso. Kay is one of the best-liked people in our class, because of her friendliness and wit. Dark-eyed, and full of the dare-devil spirit, she makes fun wherever she goes. Her beautiful curly hair may be her pet despair, but it is the envy of every girl in the class.



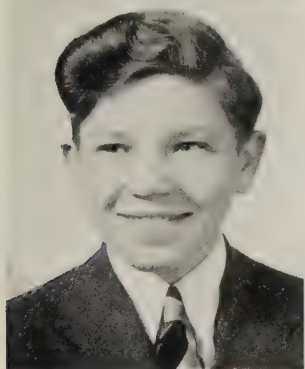
Josephine Finnocchiario. We have known Josephine four years. Quietly and obligingly she has gone through her high school days. Her friendliness and willingness to help have brought her a great many friends.



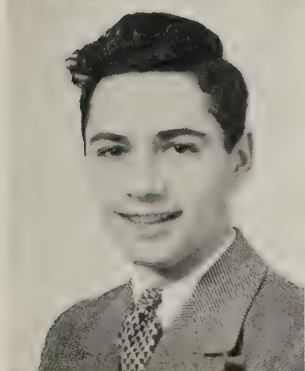
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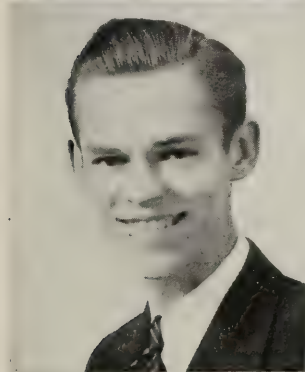
Evelyn Furst. Evie, in her own quiet way, has skimmed through high school in three years. Being another one of those quiet people, she is little known among her classmates. Her popularity took a hop, skip and jump when it was found out that she can really cut a rug. She intends to go to Drake's Business College.



Robert Joseph Fuss. Bob believes in the W. P. A., and in its slogan—"take it slow". His store of humorous stories has often drawn a group of students around him, and is one of the chief reasons for so many tardy students. When you see him with that certain glint in his eyes you wonder "Little man, what now?"



Joseph Galdieri. The rootin-tootin sax player of our class, Joe, thrives on music. He is an "A" Music student, and regular member of Miss Eddy's history club. He has been an active member of our orchestra and intends to go deeper into the realms of the music world.



Robert William Gawarkawicz. First you see a bright red jacket, and then you see Bob. His complete nonchalance has us all wishing we could adopt some of it. Bob is not conceited, but he does say that "One who loves himself shall have no rivals". He is a member of the Gym Club and Track team.

S S A C L E N J U N

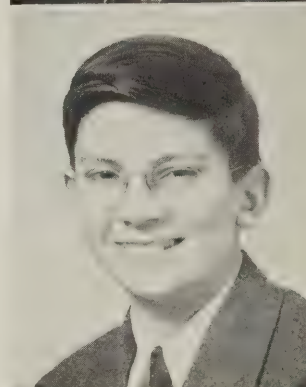
Beatrice Geltzeiler. "Variety and Individuality are the spice of life". These have been Beattie's standards for the past four years. She has never followed in anyone's footsteps, and yet she is an active member of many clubs. Her activities have consisted of Red Cross, Social Problems Club, Mathematics Club, Dramatic Club and the Safety Patrol.



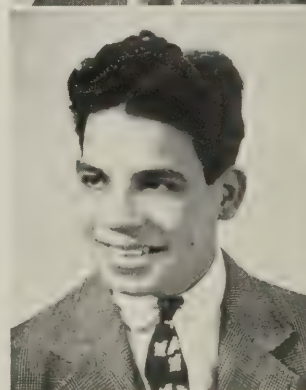
Julius Alan Ginsberg. Julius is neat, suave and polite, and what anyone would call the perfect gentleman. His art achievements of the past four years are worthy of applause. Julius intends to continue the study of commercial art in Michigan University. All we can say is that success is apparent.



Jerry Granik. You'd never know it to look at him, but oh—the knowledge he possesses. When he first arrived as a little freshie, he still wore knee pants. Now he is forgiven for his "short comings" and we all know that with all his talents he does not have to worry about a future.



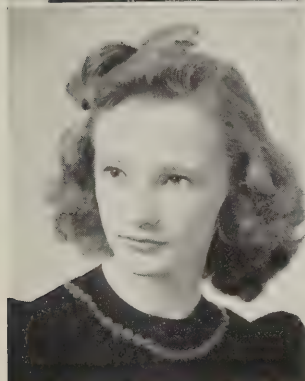
Victor Grasso. Victor is so stubborn that he can always see the sunny side of life. Whenever he met with misfortune he took it like a true sportsman, and forgot about it. His activities, consist of Boxing Club, Swimming Club, Baseball and Gym Clubs. Columbia University will be his address in the fall.



JUNEE CLASSES



Morton Harelik. If a helping hand is needed, be it friend or stranger, you will always find Tex willing. This quality has and will gain him many friends. He was advertising manager of the Vignette, and member of the Scope staff. Texas University will claim him next year.



Dorothy Madeline Hart. Natural charm is a rare possession and Dot is one of its few owners. She surprised us all at the senior dance by showing us that she can really jump (she is a jitterbug to you clams that don't know jive talk). She was a member of the Patrol, Library Guild and German Club.



Dorothy Ellen Hermes. Please don't picture Miss Hermes with winged sandals, and a crooked sword clasped in a muscular hand. She is no relation to the messenger of the Greek Gods, and besides, she would rather dance anyway. She belonged to the Choir, All-City Chorus, Patrol and the Modern Dance Group.



Elizabeth Hewson. Here is one gal that can never be said to be over imposing. She arrives on time, goes to classes and then home. Beth has miraculously retained the reputation of one who always does her homework. She belonged to the Photo Club and the Fencing Team and is also an ardent archer. She intends to go to Pratt.

SS S A L C E N U R

Joseph Frederick Holmes. There are many fine characteristics about Joseph that have made him known to be an excellent and true friend. He is master of the piano, member of the choir and swing band. In the fall he expects to enter Morgan University.



Chester Leo Jablonsky. "Ches" as he is known by his fellow students is one of our more quiet members of the class and one of the best artists. He believes that clubs are for the frivolous but he has faithfully attended the Saturday Sculpture classes. Here's hoping Ches will forge way ahead in fields that he may choose.



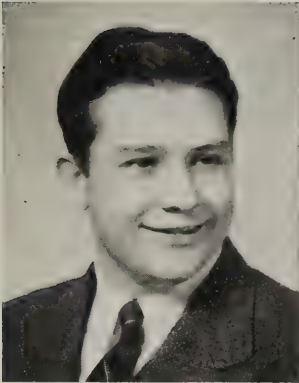
Carroll James. Carroll's wit is dry, but we must admit some of it is clever. His attitude towards his work including the one meant for home is "there's always tomorrow". Although he is witty, Carroll can be obstinate and stubborn at times. He also contributes his share of jokes in Chemistry class, and puns in History class even when they are not called for. On the whole classes would not be the same without him.



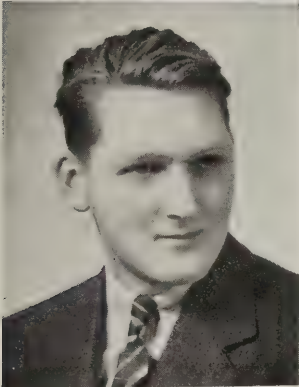
Pauline Kaminsky. "The fashion designer's ideal". Paul is the pet model of the Costume design class. When not posing she does some professional looking work herself. Her cynical and humorous literature caused more than one smothered giggle in Health Class, much to Miss A's disgust. She belonged to the Chess and Checker Club, and Photo Club.



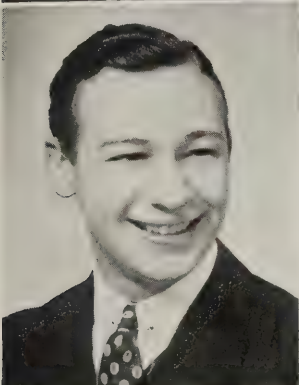
JUNEE CLASSES



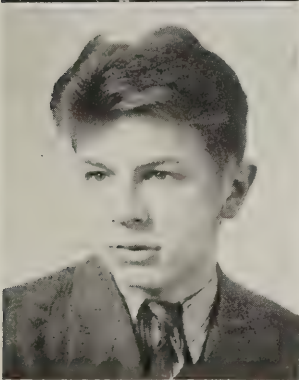
Albert Kantrowitz. The serious striving mind of Albert will some day give him a great advantage. Although you don't hear much about him, he is sure to flash out occasionally as history and English bring out all of his oratory power. He expects to enter the University of California in the fall.



Warren Knapp. "I am very fond of the company of ladies", quotes Warren as he gaily pursues mother love. Aside from his absorbing outside interests he manages to spend an appalling amount of time in school actually working. Warren's interest in sports showed in his devotion to the Track and Cross Country Team and the Rol-O-Pals.



Ben L. Kohn, Jr. Ben, excels as a student, and a gentleman. Earnest and sincere, he's molded of the stuff that makes a man. In Ben, we find one who is always getting the most out of a thing. One never hears much of Ben in the classroom, but when called upon to recite he is never at a loss. He has been a member of the Track Team and the Creative Writing Club. The University of California will claim him in September.



Mathew Lazarowicz. Just tell a joke and "Matty" will burst out "Giggling". His sense of humor, and personality have made him a popular boy in the senior class. Because of these qualities, we know he will make many of his patients happy during his career as a doctor. Next fall he expects to enter Minnesota University. He has been a member of the Track Team, Cross Country Team, Baseball, Alderman, Patrol, Scope Representative, and Chess and Checker Club.

S S A L C E N U J

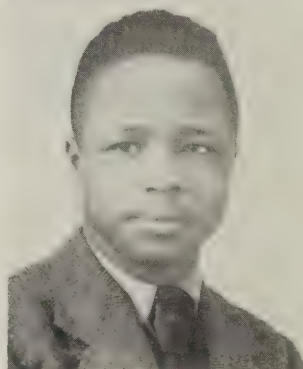
Robert MacCauley. Although Robert has only been with us a year, he is now a full-fledged Artie. He is Central's loss and Arts gain. It was there that Bob played on the football and baseball teams. Here he is known for something more outstanding, his smile. Besides being the possessor of a sparkling personality, he has really a remarkable memory which must have been quite an asset when it came to Muzzey. After a P. G. course at St. Benedict's, Bob intends to go to Long Island University.



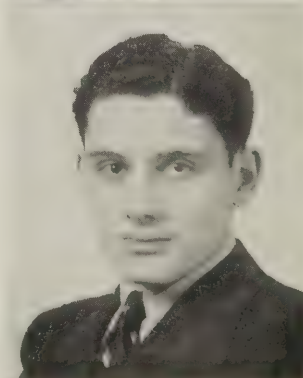
Maddalena Maisano. Lee is vivacious and always chuck full of quips. When this fun-loving young lady entered Arts High she brought with her plenty of personality. She can really be proud of the clothes she makes. In case you missed on this one, she won a Sewing Machine for a beautiful black winter coat she made two seasons ago.



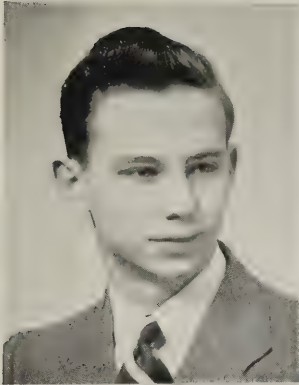
Raymond Matthews. Small and smart, but Ray can't seem to get to school on time. Almost every morning Miss Eddy would say, "Matthews, late, see you after school." A feeble little, "Me?" would be heard from the other side of the room. He has belonged to the Track Team and Vignette Staff.



Frank Melito. This lad needs very little introduction. "Shorty" may be small in stature, but he is great in mind. Frank has a smile for everyone, a personality that has built up a host of friends. He has been a member of the Gymnastic Club, and the Choir. His chief interest is music. May he succeed in his chosen career.



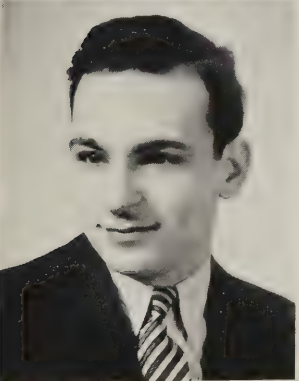
J U N E C L A S S



Edward Merck. Edward, one of those fellows with a vivacious personality, possesses the happy-go-lucky attitude. Believe it or not, he has his serious moments, and they are quite frequent. He has won his third letter on the Track Team and his work in the Gymnastic Club speaks for itself. Eddy is very talented in Art, but his ambition is to be a trumpet player in a "top-notch" orchestra. The "Rock" of the comic strip certainly has nothing on our Edward.



Gertrude Miller. "Chartruese, ca acul and Gert." A rare combination, but you most always find them together. Here is one girl we all know so well and yet we know so little about her. However, one thing we are sure of, is that she is not lacking in subtle humor. She was a member of the Chess and Checker Club, Scope, and was Class Alderman. She intends to go to New Jersey State Teachers' College in Newark.



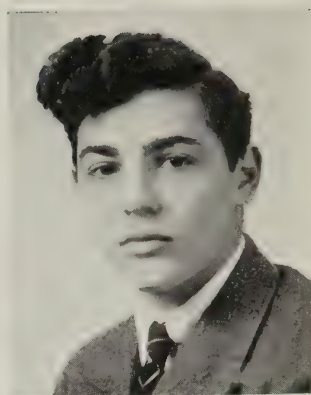
Melvin Miller. Melvin entered our school just this term so we don't know much about him except that he is a likeable fellow. He signed up immediately for the Vignette Staff and burned up a good deal of sole leather tracking down ads. We think he would make a success as a salesman.



Beatrice Pat Milroad. ...Headline! Beatrice ran away with the show! That is committing an unforgivable crime in the theatrical world, but we are still applauding her "Granny" in the play "Sparkin'" last Arts High Night. Besides being an accomplished actress she has been a member of the Modern Dance group, Scope Reporter, Scope Representative, Chess and Checker Club, Banker, and Photo Club.

S S A L C E N U J

Harold Moreines. Every once in a great while this sort of thing turns up. Imagine, if you can, a student with a face which is presentable in public. High marks, and everything—now look at his picture again. Anything familiar? No, Allah.



Eleanor Nechwort. "Sober, steadfast and demure", is Eleanor. She has been with us for the past three years. Although the above description is true once in a while you can see a mischievous smile in her lips and a gleam in her eyes.



Bette Nieman. She is one of the nicest girls we know. Bette always has an abundance of merriness centered about her. She is also a talented art student. Bette won first prize in the Red Cross Poster Contest. As a hobby, her interest goes to chess playing—a game in which she excels. She is also, one of the best dressed girls in our class. Bette was a member of the Chess and Checker Club and was Personal Editor for the Vignette.



Margaret Nieswand. Sweet, simple and shy in appearance, Margaret knows her work, and how to rise to the top of everything she undertakes. It took the Roller Skating Club to reveal to us what a skater we have in our Margaret. Now that another secret is out, we know that she will spend many pleasant hours on wheels.



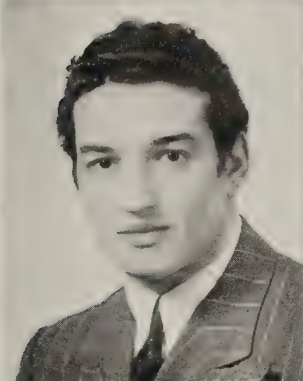
J U N E C L A S S



Jean Odell. She has the smile that is a passport to friendship. Her shining personality has won her many friends in and out of school. Although her hair is—can it be called red?—Mr. Rich persists in calling her "Blondie", much to her dismay. Her outside interests have been so absorbing that Jean's only school activity has been the Dramatic Club.



Dorothy Oliver. An eruption could not change the earth as much as a summer vacation transformed Dotty. A year ago she was seen, and not heard, but now it seems to be the other way around. Dorothy has a smile, and helping hand to lend to each, and every classmate. These traits have won for her many lasting friendships.



Salvatore Pedicini. Sal is a well known "figure" at Arts High. He has gained fame because of his "V-shaped torso". If Sal's shoulders continue to get any wider, he is going to have difficulty in walking through an average size door. His athletic ability has led him to join the boxing, gymnastic and track teams. He will continue his education at Panzer.



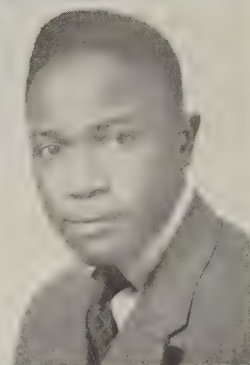
Irving Pollock. Irving is one of our good-natured, quiet and industrious students. Due to the job he has held after school, he has not had time to participate in many extra-curricular activities. He is a conscientious worker who excels in all his studies. His chief interest is Industrial Design. May he succeed in his chosen career.

S S A L C E N J U N

Richard Pols. Everyone knows Dick, the blonde fellow with the mustache, the peg trousers, and the trombone. He was one of the supporting pillars of the orchestra for four years. We needn't wish him luck for he has already made a name for himself as a hot trombonist, but we do wish him success.



Harold Potts. "The man of few words doesn't have to take so many back". Harold must have learned this early in life, because it has become his policy. He has done some pretty nifty drawings in school and we hope he will continue the good work. He expects to continue his schooling in California.



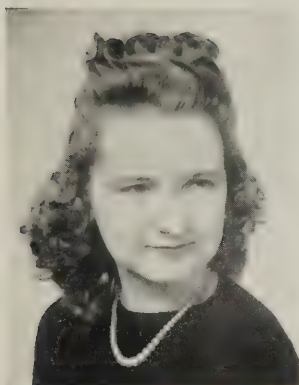
James Francis Powell. "One of the best"—looking athletes and all around. Jimmy is a ladies' man in moderate form, but is not aware of it himself. His friends are many and enemies few. He was one of our best runners and received three letters while on the '38, '39 and '40 teams. He went out for the track team in his freshman year. His intentions point to Seton Hall College.



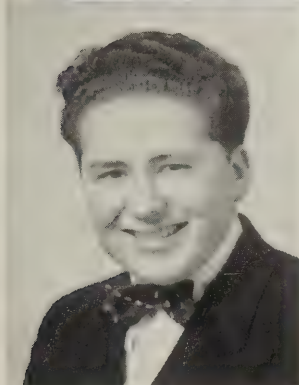
Vivian Madeline Ransley. "On with the show" is a famous line and Bibs has adopted it. Her outstanding work in "Will O' the Wisp" and the Amateur Show in '38 made her known to everyone in the school. She wants to teach dancing as well as dance herself. Her activities were Dramatic Club, Fencing, Modern Dance, Choir, 'Will O' the Wisp '38 and Amateur Show '38. She hopes to go to Panzer.



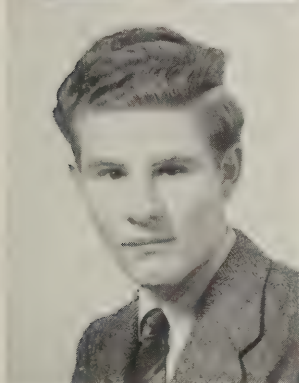
J U N E C L A S S



Elizabeth Robertson. Versatile and charming in her own quiet way, Lee has been a credit to our class. Fashion design claims her attention, and some day when we see her famous name in print, we will proudly say, "We knew her when".



Seymour Rosenfeld. Seymour is well-known around the school for his happy-go-lucky manner and his cornet. His friendly attitude toward life will carry him far on the road to success. He has a host of friends because he is so lively and full of pep. His friends claim he is the best cornetist in these parts. He is a member of the Orchestra, and Choir. Seymour will enter Ernest Williams School of Music, and later, New York University.



Elmer Rosenthal. "Red", as he is commonly called by his friends, is another newcomer to our class. In the two years that he has been with us he has made a place for himself in our sports world. Besides being on the Boxing Team, Swimming Team, and in the Tennis Club, Elmer was also one of those faithful Baseball players. (If you can remember that far back.) His sense of humor and good spirit will win for him hosts of friends at the University of Southern California where he will continue his education.



Joseph Russomano. Just a jitterbug at heart, that's Joe. He has attended every dance given by the school and has won several of the prizes for "jumping". His other activities include Baseball, Boxing Club, Tennis Club and Red Cross.

S S A C L A S S E N J U N

Muriel Charlotte Salov. Footlights, grease paint and glamour equal Muriel. We all remember her in "Poor Maddelina" and "Minikan and Manikin". She not only acts, but recites poetry and won first prize in the All-State Gunga Din Contest. Her great ambition is to be another Bernhardt and to teach dramatics. She was President of the Dramatic Club, Secretary of Student Court and a member of the Modern Dance group and the Choir. She will study Dramatics at Syracuse.



George Schell. George is one of our quiet seniors who never interferes with other people's affairs. Don't let George's quietness fool you. He is a good student and well-liked by all his classmates. He is undecided about the future.



Geraldine Schneider. "On wings of song she will soar to the heights of the scale and fame." Jerry's voice is well-known among us. She has participated in many vocal contests and other musical events. We are sure she will reach her goal as the first lady of song. She belonged to the Red Cross, Dramatic Club, President of the Choir, Scope, 3A, 4B, 4A Organization, Vignette Staff, City and State Choruses.



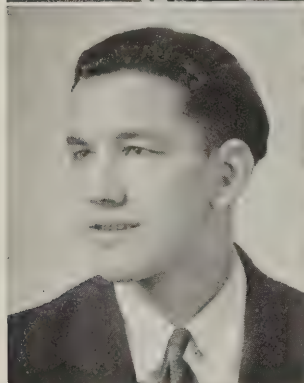
Ruth E. Schneider. "She walks through the hall with the greatest of ease, this dark young maiden, as free as the breeze". Ruth has been a member of the Library Guild for over a year. Although this is her only school activity she has supported all of our drives and dances faithfully. Good luck, Ruthie.



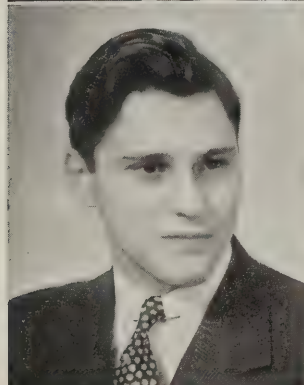
J U N E C L A S S



Meyer Schwartz. Arts High employs no detectives and since Meyer will not talk we are left in the dark as to his past, present, and future. His policy of observing the "silence is golden" rule should be a good example for the chatterers in our graduating class.



Edward Stanek. "Solid" is the word for Stanek. Bumping into him in the halls is like running into the Rock of Gibraltar. Ed's work in the Gymnastic Club is quite outstanding. Chemistry would never have been the subject it was without those witty Stanek remarks to speed things up. We wish Ed and his drums luck in the future.



Egon Stark. Egon's policy is saying little, hearing a lot, and thinking more. High marks in every subject and a great deal of art ability are his outstanding features. To some Egon may appear shy, but to this we answer, know him better and you will know a true friend.



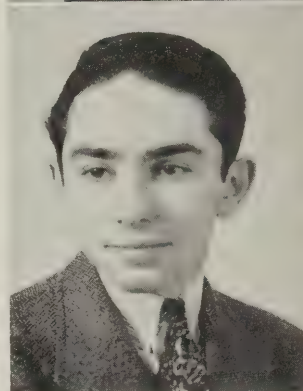
Harold Sweet. Harold is always very carefree, never seeming to worry about anything, but that philosophy is not tops for everyone. His willingness to please everyone has won for him many friends. If you are to locate him anywhere in the building, just look for Meyer, Milton or either of the George's, and you're sure to find Harold.

S S A L C E N J U R

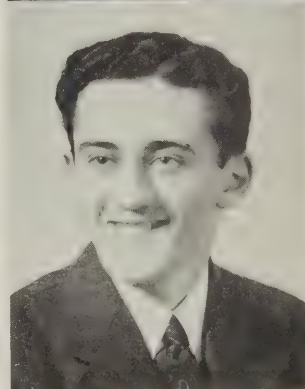
Sam Tarnofsky. "Foot" is a boy who manages to get along with everyone. If cheerfulness leads to success, he certainly has nothing to worry about regarding his future. He has been a member of the Swimming Team, Track Squad, Chess and Checker Club, Red Cross and Health Council. Alabama University is his next stop.



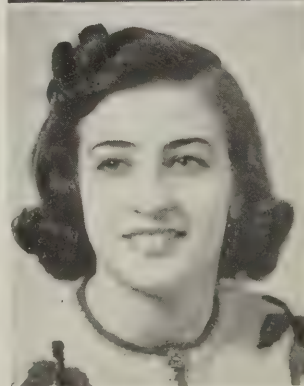
Norman Lowell Tobin. The little man with big ideas. Many girls remember the time he was playing guardian angel to the poor little freshman "frat doggie" and made him kiss every girl that came into reaching distance. Toby's witty humor is famous for its complete bluntness. A fitting description for him is "Riot and Revolution". He was a very active member of the 4B and 4A Organizations. His future now is in the hands of the University of Wisconsin.



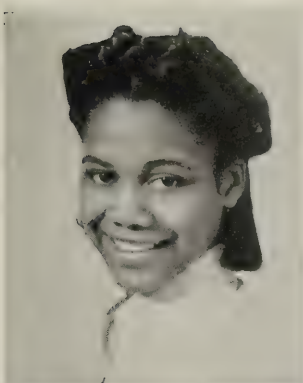
Harold Traberman. Sports, humor, personality—that's Harold, in one breath. He has a very good sense of humor, and always can find a bright side to every situation that arises. This has afforded him many friends. He has been a member of the Track team and Vignette Staff.



Jeanette Voltaggio. Quiet and reserved, Jeanette goes her way, doing her share of the work and lending a helping hand to whoever needs it. I know it's hard to believe, but Jeanette like every one else has silly moments. She believes that, "Silence is Golden" and surely has given us proof of that.



J U N E C L A S S



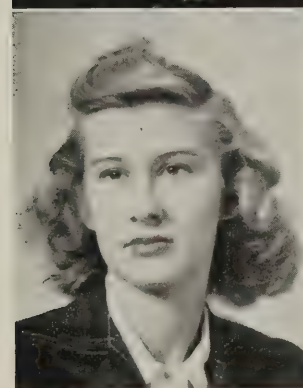
Anna Walker. Anna is one of the more quiet members of the whole class. She, too, was shy about being interviewed, but we have noticed that she's quite a jitterbug.



Isabel Warner. Braids and smiles are Isabel's magnetic powers. One or the other, or perhaps both always attract your attention. She never bothered much with extra activities, but went merrily on her way ignoring no one. Her activities were Chess and Checker Club, 3A, 4B and 4A Organizations. She intends to go to business college.



Dorothy Jane Watson. Cheerfulness plus. 'Dot's pet hobby is making coats, and she has made so many in sewing class that she is almost as experienced as Miss Johnson. Her private vocabulary has made more than one person raise an eyebrow. If she ever said, "Gee, sharp stuff, you mess", don't take offense, it was a compliment a la Watson. She was Class Captain, member of Red Cross, Patrol and Rol-O-Pals.



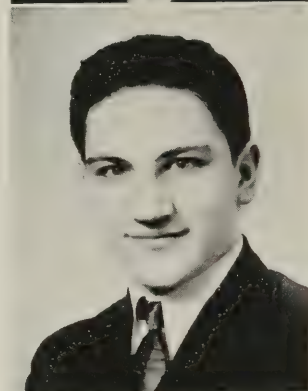
Hazel Jane Weakliem. Flash! a new model stepped into the limelight, she's tall, blonde, and her name's Hazel. Truly, friends, she is really material for the Model's Guild. Surely she'll reach this goal. Hazel sometimes is thought to be snobbish, but those who know her think differently. She belonged to the Dramatic Club, Modern Dance and Library Guild. Her future says Modeling School.

SS CLASSICAL E NZ U J

George Weber. George doesn't know what worry is, and his main objective seems to be to have a good time. He is one of our gayest, wittiest and most popular classmates. Being in his company means being in good spirits. He has been a member of the Scope, Red Cross, Alderman, Mathematics Club and Biology Club. He expects to enter New York University in the fall.



Chester Wroz. Chester is among the more agreeable boys of our class. He is a very polite gentleman. His major interests are his violin and the orchestra. Always out of place and in his eyes is his black hair, but he never seems to care. He is one of those individuals who appreciate the finer things of life, such as art and classical music.

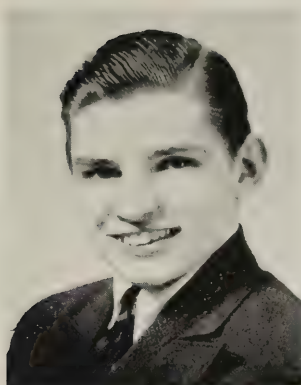


Stella A. Zdanowski. The more quiet (?) side of a famous combination, Stell, in her own right is as amusing as the rest. She takes her work more seriously (again?) and profits by it. The Red Cross and the Rol-O-Pals have been her past activities—her future is Newark State Teachers.



Freda Zemel. Freda is one of those rare phenomona who make high school in less than four years, and we are glad to have her in our class with us. Her nickname is "Bublishki", and she looks just like it with her long beautiful hair. There probably isn't one girl in school who hasn't asked to see her hair down. She belongs to the Red Cross, Dramatic Club, Alderman and Scope. She will attend the Newark School of Fine and Industrial Arts.





Max Zenchuck. Who has the most school spirit? Max, of course. He has boosted almost every club in the school and sold tickets to everything, even the pink elevator. His successor will have to work to take his place. He belonged to the Chess and Checker Club, Patrol, and was Manager of the Fencing Team.



Gladys Barbara Zickgraf. Gladys and Stella are as inseparable as a cat from its meow, separately Gladys is Gladys. Her giggle is ready to be heard at any time. One of the funniest incidents ever supplied by her was the morning she arrived minus her voice. When spoken to she peeped and chirped till she acquired the name "Peep". She was a very active member of the Rol-O-Pals.

Paul Bacon. He is never seen dancing with "les jitterbugs", but he fools them all at home with his records. His collection is old school dixieland, but he boasts Bob Crosby at every opportunity. His interesting conversation, and odd wit make him an interesting companion. He has been a member of the Vignette Staff, Vice President of the Dramatic Club, and Fencing Club.

Elynor Benjamin. The class' claim to the best-dressed-school-girl title is Ely. It's too bad Arts hasn't a campus, because that's where she belongs. Ely's vivid personality should carry her far in any field she should choose to follow.

Julius Jennis. Sometimes you wonder whether he's present at all, he's so quiet. Another man of few words. Red took dramatics in his senior year to help him talk more. When he finished, he sounded like a mixture of Hamlet and Mickey Rooney. Now he's afraid to talk! He wants to continue his art work.

Warren Lee. There probably are few artists in our class who haven't at least one drawing of Warren, for he has been Miss Stewart's favorite model for the past four years. He is also a feminine favorite according to all reports. May all his later years be as carefree as his school years have been.

Tom Passaretti. Tom is one of our mystery men. He can never be found when he is needed, particularly in class. Tom is known for his dancing and the fact that he resembles so many people. I guess he just has a face and personality that pleases.

Josephine Pecora. Quietly and unassumingly this young lady has gone through her four years of high school. Josephine is one of the more conservative students. She has turned out work she can well be proud of. She has been Assistant Head Banker since the beginning of the Banking System here in school. "More power" to you, Skippy, in your further pursuance of the Art course.

Anthony Salvato. Anthony was shy about having his picture taken and equally shy about being interviewed. He looks like a strong, silent man. Reading seems to be one of his chief hobbies for he claims to have read all the good adventure stories in 415.

CLASS HISTORY

Dedicated to Angelina Lepore, for
her untiring efforts in behalf of the class.



It is almost four years ago since we threw aside our grammar school books to assume a new, more mature life—High School.

This thought filled us with no little anticipation. We contemplated meeting new friends and joining clubs previously esoteric. On the whole, we appeared on the memorable first morning, a diffident if not frightened lot.

The time from that day to the present has passed rapidly—much too rapidly—and now we are about to be graduated. At the moment, however, we do not wish to look towards the future, rather, to look back on the days gone by, those days that marked our high school careers, the days we can never forget.

But, let us not think of "those days" as individuals, but as a group. Let's think of the joys we've shared together, our little intrigues, troubles, and sorrows.

The first steps toward the molding of anything nearly like a compact group was the election of officers in our junior year. Angelina Lepore took the honored chair as head of our class to help us win renown. Carol Ringenback assumed the role of treasurer while Erna Friedrick was made chief scribe and preserved our records.

Our first event as an "organized organization" was the 3B dance, which was worthy of our class in every possible way. As the saying goes, we "packed 'em in" to the full capacity of our gymnasium. Maybe it was just a little difficult to do anything in the line of terpsichorean effort, and maybe we couldn't even breathe properly, but it all served to spur us on towards an even greater event and certainly swelled the funds in our treasury.

One day the steamship Hendrick Hudson found herself the proud bearer of a gay, carefree, a little bit boisterous but still swell crowd of 3A Artites. Everything on our boat ride to Bear Mountain was practically perfect. Nothing was lost, strayed, or stolen. No fatalities occurred (even "Coochi" didn't tip her canoe), and no one who shouldn't have, missed the returning boat. We ate, danced, sang, laughed and were happy. It rained and stormed on our way home, but instead of dampening our good spirits, it merely added to the variety, and made it a day lacking nothing.

Our '4B 'dom' brought us the dignity characteristic of seniors(?), plus a grave need for funds. Hence the ingenious plan of selling candy was proposed. It wasn't long before the fame of "4B candy" was spread throughout the school. Due to the excellent cooperation of the student body in buying (not to mention our excellent salesmen), only a very few, we are sure, had the misfortune of not at least sampling our delicious patties.

A great virtue of the class was brought out by our 4B term dance,—that virtue being: originality. We conceived the idea of having a barn dance. This in itself was not new, but what other dance had ever been complete with jugs of cider for door prizes, apples everywhere you looked, and deputy sheriffs to put you in a crepe paper jail when you stole them? It is needless to say that it was all a prime success.

And so we finally attained the stand of wondrous wise senior A's, with the wisdom all supreme to run one more dance. It was our first night affair, and by all means surpassed anything previously attempted. We were fortunate enough to have the use of Barringer's gym for the accommodation of the crowd we hoped to have. We were fortunate enough to have the crowd we hoped for. In both the social and financial ends of it, all our fondest dreams came true. There are some songs too sweet to sing, so all we can say is, a good time was had by all.

Yes, we had our moments of fear and discouragement. Now we can look back on those fears and laugh at them. But we must also look to the future, which now looms up before us larger than ever. We can hardly say what this future holds for us. Some of us will continue our education in the higher halls of learning; others less fortunate, will obtain their advanced education from the antediluvian "school of hard knocks". In either case—Good Luck!

At any rate, we all have some goal we seek to reach. We all have in mind some tall mountain whose top just reaches the stars. Although we may never climb right to the summit, we can admire the many lights that steadily grow brighter as we march—upward!

THE CLASS WILL

We' the members of the Class of 1940 of Arts High School, being of sound mind, and body with no undue influence or malice aforethought, do hereby make known this our Last Will, and Testament.

To Miss Keehner—we leave a gold medal for her long suffering, and endurance during her two years of guidance.

To the Faculty—many quiet students.

To the Juniors—we bequeath the prestige that becomes Seniors.

To the Sophomores—Sophistication.

To the Freshmen—three more years of fun in A. H. S.

To the Incoming Freshmen—we extend our profound sympathy for the losing battle they'll wage against the upper class

TO—

Abramo, Emily—a medal for being first on the list of such a wonderful class.

Archibald, William—the ability to fix cars.

Ascoli, Fred—a place among the world's great photographers.

Bacon, Paul—a couple of zeros to let him experience a new sensation.

Bell, Dorothy—a season ticket to the Metropolitan Opera.

Berkowitz, Joel—a chance to show his skill in fencing.

Berman, Milton—a medal for being "Public Bluffer No. 1."

Bezrucho, Oksana—a pronouncable two-lettered nickname.

Blum, Lucille—a patent on her "giggle".

Bowne, Grace—success as a leading commercial artist of the country.

Brooks, Mildred—a handsome boss who will appreciate her secretarial ability.

Catino, Theresa—a permanent job in the office.

Chung, John—private lessons from Bette Neiman, so he can learn to play chess.

Cohen, George—a mortgage on the Washington Street "Museum".

Cucciniello, Anne—something to cover her countenance so that she will not attract so many youths.

Cummings, Olive—a permanent, and joint excuse for cutting classes with Mary.

D'Amato, Louise—a sewing kit to keep up her excellent ability.

Daniels, Alvin—a pair of stilts.

Davis, Viola—a collapsible pillow so she can sleep more comfortably in class.

Descoteau, Mary—a permanent, and joint excuse for cutting classes with Olive.

Eksted, John—an alarm contrivance to make him rise early in the morning.

Fabiano, Helen—Cupid's arrow to make her fall in love.

Fallivene, Matteo—a large class of freshmen girls to flirt with.

Filoso, Katherine—more, brothers whose weddings we can attend, and christenings we can hear about.

Finnocchiario, Josephine—an Aladdin's lamp so all her fantasies will materialize.

Friedrick, Erna—a twin for her surplus personality.

Furst, Evelyn—the better half of Warren.

Fuss, Robert—another teacher he can wrap around his little finger.

Galdieri, Joseph—more "history tests" to remind him of Miss Eddy.

Geltzeiler, Beatrice—a match with Professor Quiz, now we'll see if she knows it all.

Gawarkiewicz, Robert—a nice new bright plaid shirt.

Ginsberg, Julius—a position to bring out his considerate and respectable nature.

Granik, Jerry—a few more subjects in which to get those high marks.

Grasso, Victor—a set of boxing gloves. (Now he can't put off that "bout" with Sal Pedecini.)

Harelik, Morton—the late Senator Borah's seat in the Senate.

Hart, Dorothy—an opportunity to give Billy private dancing lessons.

Hermes, Dorothy—a date with a dancing partner as good as she.

Hewson, Elizabeth—a bag of P. S. tokens for those bus rides to Nutley.

Holmes, Joseph—the right to succeed "Rip Van Winkle".

Jablonski, Chester—a space in the Metropolitan Museum of New York for his masterpieces.

James Carrol—the latest dance steps from Harlem.

Jennis, Julius—bigger and better dreams for future use during working hours.

Kaminsky, Pauline—a model's contract to exhibit those "shapely legs".

Kantrowitz, Albert—a position as a radia announcer.

Kohn, Ben—an opportunity to write "The World's Best Poetry Book."
 Knapp, Warren—51% of the Evelyn Furst stock.
 Lazarowiz, Matthew—a medical degree, a beautiful nurse, and a few patients.
 Lee, Warren—an improved left jab.
 Lepore, Angeline—a marriage license so that she can marry "Henry".
 McCauley, Robert—a girl that will love him, for what he is, and that's plenty!
 Maisano, Maddelena—more awards other than sewing machines won because of her fine ability in dressmaking.
 Matthews, Raymond—a file for his wit.
 Melito, Frank—success in a musical career.
 Merck, Edward—a supply of bugles so he can carry out his idea that every good American home should have a bugle.
 Miller, Gertrude—a membership in the "World's Leading Debating Society".
 Milroad, Beatrice—a small knot. We hope you tie it with that Rutgers University lad.
 Moreines, Harold—an eight year high school course with a longer school day, and more homework.
 Nechwart, Eleanor—a megaphone to make herself heard.
 Nieman, Betty—a thick book, and plenty of knitting for social occasions.
 Nieswand, Margaret—a pair of roller skates, and a season ticket to the rink.
 Odell, Jean—a bigger date book.
 Oliver, Dorothy—a private bus to bring her right to the door of school.
 Passaretti, Tom—a comb so that he won't have to borrow one any more.
 Pedicini, Salvatore—a position as a life guard so he can show off his "manly figure".
 Pollock, Irving—a medal for knowing that "silence is golden".
 Pols, Richard—Social Security for being the oldest member of our class.
 Potts, Harold—a basketball. (Now you can play to your heart's delight.)
 Powell, James—a date, a moonlit night, and a convertible Pontiac "8".
 Ransley, Vivian—a one way boat to Egon's Island.
 Ringenback, Carol—a package of blondex. Does he prefer blondes, Carol?
 Robertson, Elizabeth—a good shove into the social circle.
 Rosenfeld, Seymour—some more music sheets of which to make orchestrations.
 Rosenthal, Elmer—a book on "How to Make Love".

Russomano, Joseph—Beautiful dancing partners.
 Salov, Muriel—a leading role in a Broadway hit.
 Salvato, Anthony—a copyright on the saying "My, but you're getting cute!"
 Schell, George—a cannon so he can make some noise.
 Schneider, Geraldine—a recording of her lovely voice.
 Schneider, Ruth—Carter's Little Liver Pills to build her up.
 Schwartz, Meyer—more girls to flirt with.
 Soraci, Jesuel—patents for his numerous inventions.
 Siegal, Milton—a silencer for his vocal chords.
 Stanek, Edward—all important factors that tend toward making a success of life.
 Stark, Egon—an island without girls so that he can realize how important they are.
 Sweet, Harold—a new kind of technique to use on the fair sex.
 Tafaro, Stephan—this title: "The answer to a maiden's prayer".
 Tarnofsky, Sam—a position as an aeronautical engineer.
 Tobin, Norman—a soap box from which to make his speeches.
 Traberman, Harold—a tune he can hum that won't go "flat".
 Treuting, Frank—a life-long supply of plaster, and clay.
 Voltaggio, Jeanette—a chance to bring out her accurate handicraft ability.
 Walker, Anna—plenty of clothes, and hot music.
 Warner, Isabel—a bigger smile to show her pearly teeth.
 Watson, Dorothy—a complete green outfit for St. Patrick's Day.
 Weakliem, Hazel—a membership to a model's guild.
 Weber, George—a book in which to record his characteristic jokes.
 Wroz, Chester—an opportunity to succeed Heifetz.
 Zdanowski, Stella, a tall handsome escort.
 Zemel, Frieda—a job as a photographer's model.
 Zenchuck, Max—a gold medal for his consistent activeness in all our class projects.
 Zickraf, Gladys—her "Gift of Gab" to a shy freshman.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands, and seals, this twenty-sixth day of June, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty.

THE CLASS OF 1940

Anne Cucciniello, Secretary

Attest:

Harrison E. Webb, Principal
 Alice U. Keekner, Class Adviser.

AS WE SEE THEM IN FICTION, MOVIES AND SONG

If upon these pages here
You should see your name appear
On some joke, or silly pun
Just remember—it's all in fun.

William Archibald	Thin Man
Ruth Schneider	After the Thin Man
Bob MacCaulay and Himself	First Love
Mary Descoteau	Escape
Seymour Rosenfeld	Young Man with a Horn
Jean O'Dell	Midsummer Night's Dream
Emily Abramo	Age of Innocence
Anne Cucciniello's Skirts	Lost Horizons
Muriel Salov	Vanity Fair
Gertrude Miller	Sophisticated Lady
Gladys Zickraff	Chatterbox
Julies Jennis	Deep In a Dream
Examinations	Over Somebody Else's Shoulder
Senior Boys	Men Like Gods
Steven Tafaro	Walking On Air
Erna Friedrich	Scatterbrain
Paul Bacon	Amateur Gentleman
Sal Pedicini	Tarzan
Mildred Brooks	Mannequin
A Certain "Rich" Man	That English Teacher
Geraldine Schneider	A Well Remembered Voice
Eleanore Nechwart	Sense and Sensibility
Homework	There is Always Tomorrow
Class Dues	I Promise You
Miss Keehner	Sweet and Lovely
Dick Pols	Time Marches On

CLASS PROPHECY

The result of last week's election returns naming Edward Merck 1960 President of our fair land (platform that every American home needs a bugle), was marked by a gala reunion of the class of '40. The affair was called the height of social elegance by columnists Gawarkiewicz, Ginsburg and Chung. The guests were ushered into Arts High's new spacious gym (capacity unknown) by Dick Pols, who, although feeble, is a fine example of the dignity of advanced years. Announcing the guests was Mathew Lazarowitz. Matt is still cutting up as one of the community's leading physicians.

As can be expected, the first arrival was Norman Tobin. His fortune was made selling canned goods—mostly corn. He is now able to afford a chauffeur as able as William Archibald. In Norman's company was that wealthy society matron, Carol Ringenbach. You remember, Carol was our class treasurer . . . There was certainly no lack of variety in the fine, and otherwise, occupations of our honorable guests. It seems that George Cohen and our leg artist, Pauline Kaminsky, have collaborated and are now the owner and chief attraction, respectively, at the Theatre d'Empire . . . Angelina Lepore, former president of our class, was nursing a broken heart. It seems that Henry "4A Dance" Vines told her that she had teeth like the stars, and everyone knows that they come out at night . . . Elmer Rosenthal was formerly a member of the forest ranger service. However, he found it necessary to retire due to the many false fire alarms sent out from the vicinity where he was known to be. He is now pinch-hitting for a burnt out stop light . . . Bob Fuss and Hazel Weakleim were inseparable all evening. A few weeks ago they met in a revolving door, and have been going around together ever since.

A great deal of commotion was caused by George "Soap Box" Weber who insisted upon bursting forth in a barrage of words upon the pro's and cons of the recent election. His ardent followers, Helen Fabiano, Eleanore Nechwart, Isabelle Warner, Theresa Catino and Grace Bowne protected him from a storm of vegetables. While all this hullabulloo was going on, Madeline Maisano and her sewing machine sat peacefully in a corner, putting the finishing touches on a dress she had hoped to wear, but didn't have time to finish. She was being watched by our professional fencer, Joel Berkowitz, who is now president of The Picket Wire and Fence Corporation . . . Ben Kohn, the starving poet, didn't bring his artist wife, Gertrude Miller along. He came alone because he hadn't sufficient funds for two whole tickets . . . We were surprised to find that handsome Steve Taffaro came all by his lonesome. Wondering why he

hadn't married, Elizabeth Robertson asked him where his heart was. She got the following reply: "go straight down my neck, first turn to the left" . . .

It was expected that in the course of the evening Vivian Ransley would entertain us. However, Vivian has never quite recovered from the results of her efforts to solicit advertisements for the Vignette, and so she was not physically fit to dance. In her place Madame Geraldine Schneider, of the Sing-a-poor Opera Company, honored us with a few selections. Underworld's Erna Friedrich, a gun moll who does not appreciate the finer things of life, wanted to give a lecture on "Why Crime Pays". Through the efforts of Sal Pedicini, who has muscled in on the wrestling business, Erna retired to the Ladies Powder Room where she found Ruth "Hedy" Schneider demonstrating the proper method of wearing a turban, for the benefit of Broadway's Muriel Salov.

It was disappointing to note that many of the alumni did not attend, for various reasons. Due to the trend for long skirts, Anne Cuccinello has joined Cohen chorus and put her famous legs in a cast. Her work claimed her as well as Harold Traberman, who is one of her most ardent fans. Jesuel Soraci was busy inventing a burst of sunshine for a rainy day. Morton Harelik, the wealthy Texas landowner, was busy trying to collect rent from the Mexican border . . . Miss Emily Abramo, recently made house mother at Princeton, was busy caring for her little boys.

We also came into conflict with the Butchers' Association, which threw a meat ball on the same evening. It claimed Matteo Fallivene, Sam Tarnofsky, Harold Moreines, Warren Knapp, Evelyn Furst and Jean O'Dell. They have all been made Knights of the Round Steak . . . We were extremely fortunate to have Harold Sweet attending to the refrigeration and air conditioning. We figured that he should know all about it since he had just completed thirty days in the cooler . . . A disturbance of minor importance was created when Albert Kantrowicz accidentally pushed Gladys Zickaff. She lost her temper and we don't blame her. Why should she be pushed around? After all she's not Thanksgiving . . . Bette Nieman put aside her designs on young men for this one night and furnished the beautiful decorations . . . Bob MacCaulay, who made his dough in the bakery business, acted as caterer . . . As an added attraction for entertainment there was Bea "wee Bonnie" Milroad and her best voice giving out with some swell songs. . . . And miraculously enough, Mildred Brooks has finally given up her knitting, and so we come to the end of our yarn.



DEDICATION

To Mr. Weber we dedicate this page. His help and inspiring personality, as our faculty adviser have made our last years in school unforgettable. We unite in our thanks for all he has done.

JANUARY CLASSES

John Sierchio

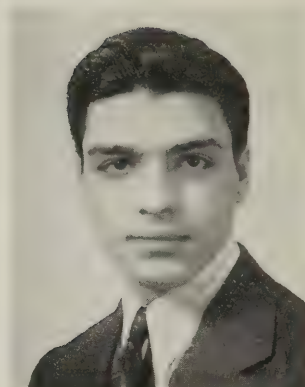
106 Ridge Street

Undecided

Art

"A manly boldness softened with a smile
His way will make easy many a mile."

ACTIVITIES—President of the 3A and 4B Classes, Vignette.



Sara Schlosser

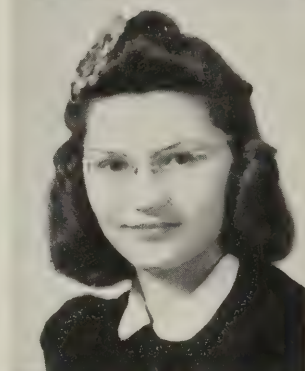
46 Watson Avenue

Undecided

Music

"And the night shall be filled with music."

ACTIVITIES—Choir, Red Cross Council, Scope Staff, 3A and Senior Organizations, Vice President of 4B Class.



Jean Wadsten

233 North Eleventh Street

Undecided

Art

"A strength of will that if used right
Will help her scale the veriest height."

ACTIVITIES—Scope Staff, Choir, Safety Patrol, Fencing Club, Secretary of the 4B Class, Vignette Staff.



Arthur Metzger

110 Niagara Street

Undecided

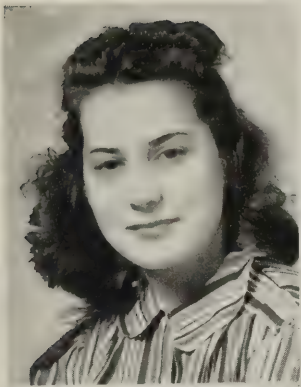
Art

"A chance is all that Arthur asks
And he will meet the hardest tasks."

ACTIVITIES—3A and Senior Organizations, Treasurer of the 4B Class, Vignette Staff.



JANUARY CLASSES



Eleanor Berger

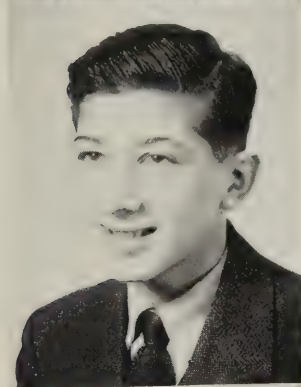
Undecided

108 Madison Street

Art

"Behold! Even the goddess' allure
Becomes just something that was washed to shore."

ACTIVITIES—3A and Senior Organizations.



Arthur Blumenthal

Undecided

288 Hillside Avenue

Art

"Another laugh has babbled past
Before he finishes the last."

ACTIVITIES—3A and Senior Organizations.



Celia Cohen

Fashion Designer

443 South Sixteenth Street

Art

"Out of the footsteps flowers leap
And winter snows must melt to sleep."

ACTIVITIES—Dramatic Club, 3A and Senior Organizations.



Lorraine Confroy

College

30 Isabelle Avenue

Music

"The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."

ACTIVITIES—Safety Patrol, Library Guild, Dramatic Club, Scope
Staff Reporter, Choir, Fencing Team.

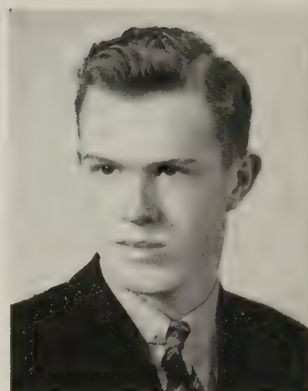
JANUARY CLASSES

Robert Criswell
44 Millington Avenue

Newark Technical
Art

"Without him all our sports would fall
For he's the cornerstone of all."

ACTIVITIES—Swimming and Track Teams, Safety Patrol, 3A and Senior Organizations.



John Dalesandro
385 North Sixth Street

Undecided
Art

"He knows his neighbor and himself are one,
At least their homework's similarly done."

ACTIVITIES—3A and Senior Organizations.

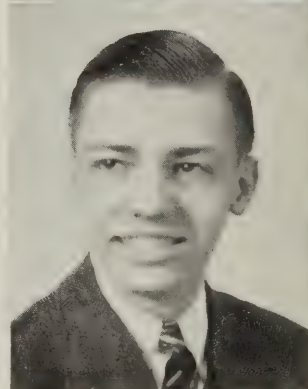


Stanley Elston
132 Central Avenue

Undecided
Art

"Over games and things he can enthuse,
But leafy books he'll rarely use."

ACTIVITIES—3A and Senior Organizations, Swimming Team, Safety Patrol.



Peggy Feldman
132 Lehigh Avenue

Traphagen
Art

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

ACTIVITIES—Library Guild.





Harriet Florze
72 Walnut Street

Undecided
Art

"She has the voice that makes you stop a while
And wonder if the gods gave you a file."

ACTIVITIES—3A and Senior Organizations.

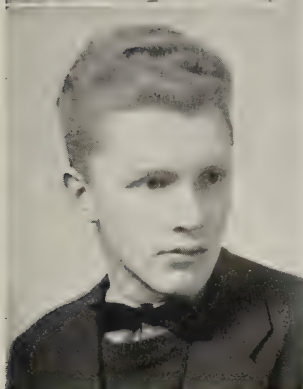


Ruth Forman
523 Bergen Street

Music
Music

"If in a dungeon dank and deep she were
Still through the hush she'd hear sweet music there."

ACTIVITIES—Choir, Dramatic Club, Fencing Team, Vignette Staff.

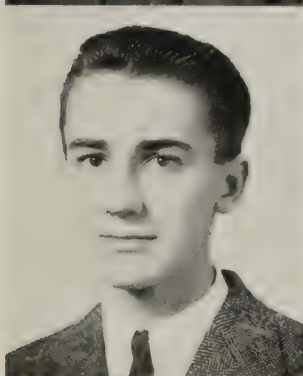


John Griffin
709 South Fourteenth Street

Business
Art

"He'll draw cartoons some day and then
We'll laugh and say, "We knew him when."

ACTIVITIES—Chief of the Safety Patrol.



Walter Gruen
12 Howell Street

Commercial Art
Art

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

ACTIVITIES—Fencing Team.

JANUARY CLASSES

JANUARY CLASSES

Harry Hanft

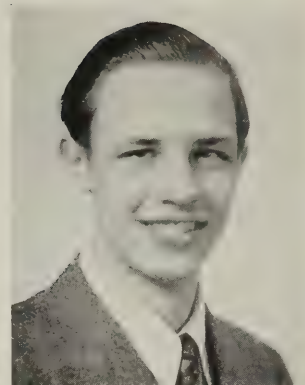
20 Marsac Place

Undecided

Art

"The world may be filled with a number of things
But gentlemen like him are as scarce as the kings."

ACTIVITIES—3A and Senior Organizations.



William Herbst

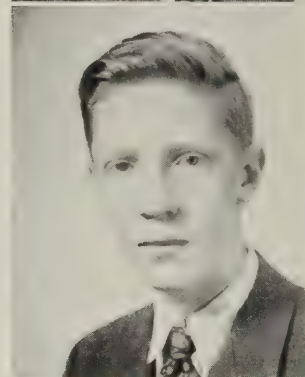
178 Seymour Avenue

Undecided

Art

"One day I'll sail across the sea and fain
Shall speak in Spanish, or at least in Spain."

ACTIVITIES—Hi-Y Club, Photo Club, Scope Staff, Safety Patrol,
Swimming Team, Model Airplanes.



Anne Miller

306 North Sixth Street

Undecided

Art

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight too her dusky hair."

ACTIVITIES—Senior Organization, German Club, Biology Club,
Red Cross Council, Chess and Checker Club,
Photography, Vignette Staff.



Louise Nicholas

301 South Nineteenth Street

Pratt Institute

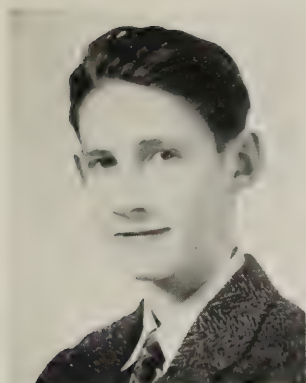
Art

"Louise's subtle charm and grace
Will help her find a fitting place."

ACTIVITIES—Photography Club, 3A and Senior Organizations.



JANUARY CLASSES



Burdell Osterhout
68 Woodbine Avenue

Undecided
Art

"A true artist takes no notice whatever of the public."

ACTIVITIES—Transferred to us from West Side where he was a member of the Biology Club.



Carmela Pascone
409 Roseville Avenue

Newark School of Fine Industrial Arts
Art

"She has a boundless energy
And ever dances like the sea."

ACTIVITIES—Safety Patrol, 3A and Senior Organizations, Vignette Staff.

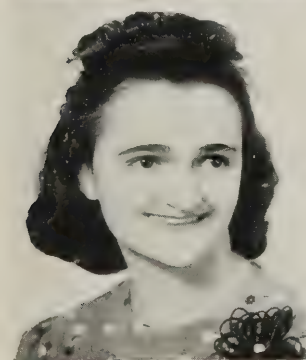


Eleanor Press
77 West Market Street

Undecided
Art

"She knows not what she'll do after the bow
On Arts High's stage. We know; she'll charm as now."

ACTIVITIES—Photography Club, Dramatic Club, 3A and Senior Organizations.



Mary Przekaza
158 Belmont Avenue

Pratt Institute
Art

"She's rather quiet, yet she speaks most of the while,
Her's is the universal language of a smile."

ACTIVITIES—German Club, Chess and Checker Club, Photography Club, 3A and Senior Organizations, Vignette Staff.

JANUARY CLASSES

Ruth Purdy

18 School Street

Undecided

Art

"Her personality doth shine
Which we think is very fine."

ACTIVITIES—3A and Senior Organizations.



Avis Richardson

854 South Orange Avenue

Undecided

Music

"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."

ACTIVITIES—Choir, Photography Club, Library Guild, Safety Patrol, 4B Class Poet.



Virginia Rider

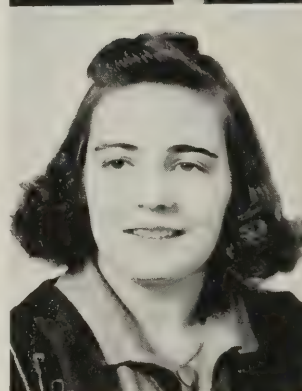
69 North Eleventh Street

College

Art

"Two shadows of a hidden smile,
Her eyes. What could they not beguile?"

ACTIVITIES—Roller Skating Club, Dramtic Club, Safety Patrol, Scope Staff, Vignette Staff, Chess and Checker Club, Fencing Club.



Mary Jane Roder

132 Pomona Avenue

Undecided

Art

"She passes by on unseen wing,
A golden breeze, a glance of spring."

ACTIVITIES—Dramatic Club, Scope Staff, Vignette Staff, Safety Patrol, 3A and Senior Organization.



JANUARY CLASSES



Eleanor Schnegelberger

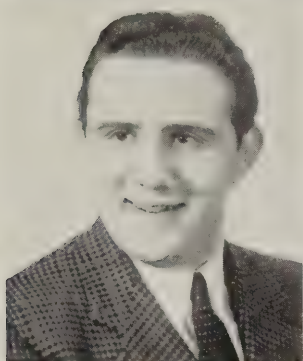
41 Garrison Street

Undecided

Art

"Gentle, jolly, with twinkling eye
We'll miss her much in the bye and bye."

ACTIVITIES—3A and Senior Organizations, Vignette Staff.



Milton Siegel

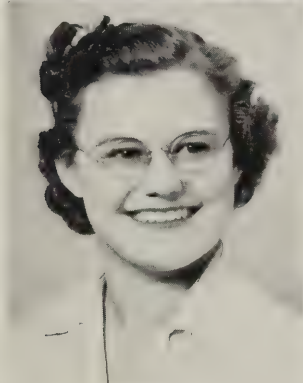
32 Demarest Street

College

Art

"Better be proficient in one art than a smatterer
in a hundred."

ACTIVITIES—Red Cross Council.



Helen Slawek

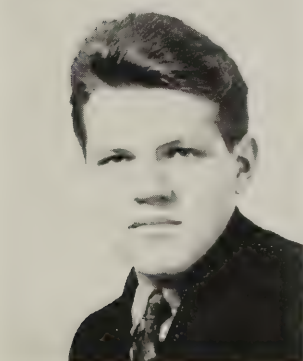
148 Polk Street

Photography

Art

"When every girl has intellect and loveliness
And kindness, too, then she will stand out less."

ACTIVITIES—3A and Senior Organizations.



Frank Treuting

320 Montclair Avenue

Undecided

Art

"One science only will one genius fit
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

ACTIVITIES—Chess and Checker Club, Saturday Morning
Classes at the Newark School of Fine and Industrial Arts where he specializes in sculpture.

JANUARY CLASSES

Thelma Wendel
32 Clinton Place

Interior Decorator
Commercial Art

"She wants to decorate interiors!
We think she will
Excepting when her smiles are seen
Outside the window sill."

ACTIVITIES—German Club, Roller Skating Club, 3A and Senior Organizations.



Philip Yellin
30 Prospect Place

Undecided
Art

"The Secret of success is constancy to purpose."

ACTIVITIES—Safety Patrol, Photo Club.



Raymond Zager
47 Eckert Avenue

Undecided
Art

"For sure the elves forsook their dwelling place
And came to laugh forever on his face."

ACTIVITIES—3A and Senior Organizations, Vignette Staff, Safety Patrol.



Robert Zehnder
258 West Runyon Street

Musician
Music

"Wit without wisdom is sure to be cruel
To be unkind is not his rule."

ACTIVITIES—3A and Senior Organizations.



THE 4B CLASS

NAME	HOBBY	AMBITION	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL
Berger, Eleanor	Art	Illustrator	Ran through
Blumenthal, Arthur	Girls' addresses	Become president	Ask me
Cohen, Celia	Sewing	Dress designer	Accidentally
Coppola, Morris	Stamps	For greater heights	Being late
Criswell, Robert	Photography	Airplane engineer	Be calm
Dalesandro, John	Listening to Amos and Andy	Paint pictures no one will buy	With a fog light
Eiser, Harold	Languages	Musician	With brains
Elston, Stanley	Model Railroad	To be successful	Smiled my way through
Florze, Harriet	Sewing	Career woman	An apple for the teachers
Griffin, John	Indian Relics	Artist	Getting homework from girls
Gruen, Walter	Photography	Commercial Artist	In front door and out William Street
Haight, Earl	Stamps	Artist	By being cute
Hanft, Harry	Flirting	Professional flirt	Dreamed of girls
Herbst, William	Photography	Airplane designer	2 years studied and 2 years slept
Lewis, David	Women	Engineer	Political pull
Metzger, Arthur	Stamps	Sports writer	Brains and a four leaf clover
Miller, Ann	Mystery Books	Newspaper reporter	Good natured teachers
Osterhout, Burdell	Printing	Newspaper reporter	They weren't looking
Pascone, Carmela	Dancing	Fashions	Still can't make it out
Pennington, William	Photography	Commercial artist	Taking things easy
Press, Eleanor	Art	Dress designer	Glided through
Przekaza, Mary	Stamps	Dress designer	Through the door
Purdy, Ruth	Sewing	Dress designer	Studying
Richardson, Avis	Sitting up all night	To do something great before dying	Ask Confucius
Rider, Virginia	Tennis	Air hostess	She doesn't know
Schlosser, Sarah	Good jokes	Musician	Talked my way through
Schnegelberger, Eleanor	Art	Own millinery shop	Gold digging
Slawek, Helen	"Cooking"	Artist	Had drag with teachers
Schachter, Harry	Boat Building	Get out of high school	I've been sleeping
Sierchio, John	Model airplanes	Famous artist	I carried T.N.T. in each hand
Wadsten, Jean	Abstractions	Commercial art	Teachers felt good
Wendel, Thelma	Collecting pictures	Interior decorator	By hook and by crook
Yellin, Philip	Photography	Radio announcer	Walked through
Zager, Raymond	Photography	Commercial artist	Plugged through
Zehnder, Robert	Saxaphone	Musician	Tooted along on a saxaphone

JUNIOR & SENIOR ART WORK



1940 VIGNETTE 1941

SENIOR ART WORK



ARTS HIGH SCHOOL

LITERATURE

WHEN, JUST WHEN

Oh the interruption!
Followed by disruption,
When just when
Came a knock on the door;
Struggling to position,
T'avoid inquisition,
But just then
Said his voice, "Please
once more?"
Enactment of request,
Was detected by a guest,
Who just then
Was one I did abhor;
Oh for isolation!
And depopulation,
When, just when,
I'm with one I adore.

Gertrude Miller.

I STAND ALONE

I sat fumbling with my handkerchief in a dark, dismal, barely furnished room, almost in a nervous frenzy. Near me I could hear and see the cold wintry winds cut past the window, painting grotesque figures of frost on the panes and making it almost impossible for the pale sunlight to filter in. There was no way out. I had come in of my own free will and there was nothing I could do about it.

Suddenly the tense silence was broken by groans in the adjoining room. I began to glance wildly about searching for a means of escape when all at once my wandering eyes caught the door slowly beginning to open. I sat bolt upright as if struck by lightning. Moving toward me was a tall figure clad in white. It was coming for me! I was next! It came closer and I could hear the click of its footsteps echo down the long, dark corridor. Finally it was beside me. I shuddered.

Then it said in a warm gentle voice, "Are you ready, son? Which tooth hurts?"

Edward Skolufsky.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

It was a dark, cold and dreary night and the rain fell hard against the window pane of the room in which I sat. Then in the silence there came a knock on the door. Slowly I opened it

trembling with fear, and there before me stood an extremely old man. His white hair was covered by a hat which was dripping wet. A worn bare coat sheltered his thin, withered body. The wrinkles in his face gave evidence of many years of hard struggle. When I looked at the penniless figure I could not resist giving him some food. After being thanked earnestly for the small amount I had given him, he pulled his coat up over his ears, and proceeded on his way, into the rain once more.

Selma Maurer.

CONQUEST OF THE AIR

How strange that man must look for aid
In order to obtain the heights,
While little birds, may, unafraid,
Explore the boundless ceiling God has made.
A tiny gnat disdains the sight
Of such a monster as the king
Of beasts must use so that he might
Hale the mystic, joyous, breath of flight.
The song the lowly bat may hear
Is audible but unto they
Whose fortune it has been to near
The sparkling world above this hapless sphere.
The Fates, perhaps, could not agree
That man might or might not, have wings;
The destined lord of land and sea
Was he the sovereign of air to be?
Two Fates said no. The other cried,
"Then we must in him plant an urge
To be with earth dissatisfied;
A pressing wish in heaven to confide."
Constructive skill has been inspired,
And many masterpieces raised;
A tribute to man's soul, which, fired,
May create Art, to be by gods admired.
But long he languished on the ground
And ventured only on the sea
Until at last, the secret found,
He was no more by earthly fetters bound!
And yet, though he may safely soar
Beyond the boundaries he knew
Existed in the days before
Some daring pioneer used Nature's lore.
And flew. Is he the less confined?
Or, will he, like Ulysses, seek
Another field to tax his mind,
A new conquest to add to those behind?

Paul Bacon.

REPRIEVE!

Friday, the day of his exam! Cold sweat poured down his face as he entered school that morning. Although a swift wind was blowing, he still was roasting under his flimsy sweater and thin, almost shreaded pants. He felt faint and tired, more ready for sleep than a hectic day at school.

But now, here he was, ready to start a new day. Absent-mindedly he found his way to his locker and then to homeroom. He looked about him and saw strange lines on usually familiar faces. They told of a lack of sleep. Probably they had stayed up until the wee hours of the morning to study. They were lucky!

Lucky? Ha! Ask them. Do they think so? Probably mad because of the extra work they had had to go through in preparation. But he, he had to leave to work right after school—hard manual work, backbreaking cases to handle, fast orders to fill. He got home late each night, much too tired to study, no matter what the reason. He would be very happy to stay at home and study if he had the chance. But—

Just then the bell rang, startling the boy back to cold stark, realization. He left his seat and began to walk down the corridor. Although it was fully crowded, he was unaware of the people around him.

Once again, a cold sweat broke down his back, chilling him to the very marrow. He placed himself in the predicament of a sentenced convict about to be led to his execution.

Had the test been for Monday instead, he would have been able to study on Sunday, but now—nothing could save him. As he opened the door, doom bearing down upon him swiftly a cheerful whisper greeted his ears.

"Teacher's absent—we have a substitute today!"
Norman L. Tobin.

ZE GREAT MR. FINTA

From the way my mother had described him, I had expected to see a person resembling a "big shaggy bear". The day he arrived at our country home was one of great excitement and preparation. It was an uncomfortably hot afternoon, when the sounding of our trumpeting horn heralded the arrival of the famous sculptor.

There was a mad scramble to the stone steps, and then a sudden pause of shyness as the door of the car opened, and out came an enormous

man, somewhat on the installment plan, unfolding first a long pair of legs, then a great hulking torso, and finally a head. But what a head! Two shaggy brows overhung the most piercing hypnotic eyes I have ever seen; high Asiatic cheek-bones bridged by a magnificently proportioned nose, and great jowls protruding over a flowing black silk tie. As he smiled, in response to the introduction, two rows of perfect white teeth glistened in contrast to his Indian-bronzed skin.

He wiped the perspiration from his lofty brow, saying over and over again, in a most unexpectedly soft voice, "Oh, ze bee-u-ti-fool coun-tree, sooth bee-u-ti-fool trees—come, I tell you about my tree. Did you ever read ze story of ze "Indian cherr tree", by me—ze great Mr. Finta. No? Zen I will tell you."

And so, on and on, during his entire visit, the most fascinating, exciting stories poured forth in his broken, but charming, English. He told of his childhood in Hungary, on the plains, for he was a Magyar. He told of his days as a herdboys; of how his father had taught him to carve as soon as he was old enough to hold a knife; how he grew up and became famous as a sculptor, working in the famous Rodin's studio in Paris, and later designing sculptures that are to be seen in many famous museums and parks all over the world. The week-end flew by, and for days afterwards, his radiant personality shone over our modest country home, and we looked forward to his next visit with great pleasure.

Rodney Winfield.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I want to be an artist skilled and true.

I'll make my colors clear and strong and paint the sky's deep blue.

And if I make a sailing ship across the sea to ride, The ship will look as if it sails and frolics with the tide.

I'll work each day with brush and paint and sketch with ease and care.

For sculpture work and charcoal tints I think I have a flair.

To draw a girl that smiles with joy, to rouge each velvet cheek

Would seem to be the life for me, no further must I seek.

Carol Chanin.

THE POOR GAS MAN

The man who reads our gas meter does so at his own risk. It's a two-to-one shot he won't come out of our cellar alive. He comes armed, but Lloyd's of London offer three-to-one odds.

The gas man's first obstacle is the ash pile. Ever since someone stole our new garbage can, and bashed in the other one, I have had no adequate means of disposing of the ashes, so I pitch them on the floor. At one time I shoveled a walk through the ashes for him, but that has since filled up.

After climbing the ash pile he approaches a low floor beam. It sags about five feet from the floor. The gas man has printed the words, "duck your head", on it as a grim reminder of the last three times it knocked him cold.

At this point a revolting black overcoat hovers overhead that has been harboring moths and termites as long as he has been working on this route. The gas man asserts that it will walk away one of these days. Only last month he emptied his service revolver into it, and apparently has stabbed it with his bowie knife in eight different places, but the coat is still definitely living.

He is now but ten feet from the meter, but the acid test is yet to come. With his knife drawn he cuts a path through old chairs that stand five deep.

When he reaches his coveted position after wiping the dust from the glass he reads the meter. Our gas man is truly an adventurer. I call him the modern Daniel Boone. Next week he'll get the shock of his life, because I'm contemplating cleaning up the cellar. I do hope he won't drop dead.

George Weber.

FINAL IMPRESSIONS

You could tell by the way they walked to class, and by the way they did their homework and even by the better way they talked; the seniors were sick of Arts High! After four long years of going to school they were tired of study, classes, and homework, homework, classes, and study. Seeing the same people every day, doing the same things hour by hour made the monotony almost unbearable. The seniors wanted to get out of the childish institution of school and see the world, and work in the way of the world.

Then suddenly, with the arrival of senior activities, a subtle change was wrought on those who seemed to realize that the finale was drawing near. One day I was amazed to hear in place of the usual exclamation of boredom, a hesitant sigh: "I'll be sorry to leave Arts High" and I thought with a sudden pang. "I will, too."

The strangest sensations overcome you as you look at someone who has whispered elusive answers to you in class and helped you with your

neglected week-end homework. It is a sensation of trying desperately to cement the friendships. You murmur futile phrases — demands, "You'll write of course?" but you feel in your heart the leaden pain of finality.

Vague snatches of conversation drift within your hearing; someone saying loudly, "Remember those oranges we had in seventh period lunch?" Of course, you do. And other memories flood back, of tricks played in chemistry and art classes. You want those thrills to last forever.

People who have never cared before try now to strengthen the ties between all the seniors, realizing that the old saying, "We have nothing in common" is never true. All seniors have something in common if nothing but those rare mountain peaks in our high school experience and the promise of more to come.

Anne Cucciniello.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

The long waited for summer vacation arrived and my brother, Barry, and I were making preparations to spend a fortnight at our cousins' home. Barry was going to cousin Bob's at Lake Gerard, for the fishing season has just begun. I was going to cousin Rose's since she was to have her sweet sixteen party. I was busy packing my gown of lovely blue silk, my first, with some other things necessary to complete my wardrobe, while Barry was packing his fishing equipment, consisting of sweaters, boots, line, and tackle, etc. We were to start on the morrow.

We left with much excitement and joy and soon were on the train headed for our destination. Barry was to get off a few stations before me. Talking of the wonderful hours we would have together with our cousins, we did not realize how near we were to our relatives' home until the conductor's shrill voice was heard above all. "Next stop, Lake Gerard".

Barry hastening, grabbed his bag and shouting his good-byes and wishes for a nice time was off. Soon my stop came and I was welcomed by my cousin and her family. They were all very pleased to see me, and we started for cousin Rose's home. All the way home I was telling her about the lovely gown I had brought along with me. As soon as we arrived home, she begged me to show her my gown. I opened my valise and, Oh, I nearly fainted for these were Barry's fishing things!

I then remembered that Barry and I had been given the same identical valises for Christmas by Dad. The only thing that held back my tears was Rose's promise to let me have her pink gown; and the thought of what Barry's face would reveal when he opened my valise and saw a blue silk dress instead of his fishing attire!

Pearl Krickman.

CHOIR

Many people believe that music was written solely for musicians, and that they alone have the ability to enjoy it. To these misguided folks it is some strange, forbidden fruit that dangles almost within their grasp, but seems to be withdrawn when they, poor unlearned souls, reach for it.

Such ideas are both incorrect and unfounded. Music, in itself is universally accepted as the most general medium of expression in the world. Everyone with a receptive spirit can interpret its poignant beauty. Like Shakespeare, music is written for the masses and should be played to the masses.

To really receive the most from music one must understand it first. By "understand" I do not mean you have to take an intensive course on the subject. This can be acquired by listening and working with music itself.

In this school outside of the curricular activities of Harmony, Theory, Music Literature and Voice Culture, there exist two organizations which have done a great deal toward furthering the musical 'understanding' of us all. These groups are the Choir and the Orchestra.

The "Jitterbugs" have become introduced to the subtle harmonies of Gershwin and have liked and remembered them. We have been shown how closely allied all music is. A change in tempo and harmonies is the bridge connecting classical music and swing. The "Jitterbugs" didn't know it,

but they were cultivating their "understanding" ability when they listened to Gershwin as played by our orchestra.

On the other side of the controversy exist the Wagnerites. They have found from the Choir that Bach and Beethoven were equally as important as good old Wagner.

All this is in the field of just "listening" to music, but when we perform ourselves we really "understand". When you are absorbed in putting yourself into music you unknowingly impart to the audience your own feeling.

When working with a group, one cultivates the idea of cooperation and of unity. The best result of group work is to show the individual performer how to "blend" with the others.

On the other hand when a member of the Choir or Orchestra is asked to perform singly, he does it gladly, knowing he will benefit from the experience. His personal benefit would be his chance to show his talents. His personality is enriched by the greater poise and self-assurance he has attained. These assets will stand him in good stead after he has left school and almost, but not quite forgotten his work in the Choir or Orchestra. He will never lose those results. The memory of choir rehearsals may fade as the years go on, but once he hears an old familiar chord, it will all flood back in one glorious vision.

Geraldine Schneider.



MODERN DANCE GROUP

Shirley Adams
Pauline Apostelakis
Frances Bordonaro
Lavonne Bounds
Mildred Brooks
Theresa Catino
June Coppola
Janice Cullen

Peggy Davidson
Joan De Jonge
Anne Harris
Lorraine Hatfield
Arleen Henzel
Clara Holder
Ruth Jordan
Lila Link
Helen Osborne

Doris Roessler
Grace Sapone
Peggy Schneider
Doris Schwartz
Constance Siegal
Elinor Solek
Antoinette Trinca
Clara Wright

Arts High is the only high school in the city of Newark to include Modern Dancing in its curriculum. The group has advanced far enough to give performances before large audiences. In the past three years they have danced at Trenton High School, Montclair State Teachers College, Westfield High School, Fuld Hall, and on the annual Arts High Night program.



CREATIVE WRITING CLUB

For the short while that the Creative Writing Club has been in existence, it has accomplished a great deal. The members have attended three city congresses. Estelle Bowman, the Club's Secretary, had the honor of seeing the play she wrote dramatized by the afternoon group. Their plans for the future include invitations to other schools to meet at Arts High.

ORCHESTRA

This June both the regular Orchestra and the Dance Band will lose four of their most talented members: Seymour Rosenfeld, Richard Pols, Chester Wroz, and Joseph Galdeiri. For faithful service these boys will each be rewarded with an Orchestra pin.

STAGE CREW



A. M. DRAMATICS



P. M. DRAMATICS



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SWIMMING TEAM



TRACK TEAM



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2A CLASS P. M.



2B CLASS P. M.



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Arthur Booner
Ollie Bouie
Michael Calluori
Raymond Cawpouile
Thomas Carhuff
Salvatore Cocuzzo
Michael Cuozzo
Anthony D'Addario
Jerry De Lorno
Paul Eccles
Luis Frino
Alfred Groeger
Roscoe Jennings
Frank Jones
Jack Jordan
Mario Lamparello
Clarence Laurel
Arthur Maiers
Robert Monroe
Robert Moore
James Murren
Nicholas Orichio
George Perry
Rocco Rosetti
Laurence Rout
Joseph Sagrettella
William Sanpaio
Rocco Sicari
Louis Terry
Nelson Thomas
Wilson Waer
Richard Watts
Warren Witte
John Washington

HOME ROOM 107

Barbara Bolland
Gloria Bonga
Anna Bucca
Anna Butler
Sue Caruso
Irene Champion
Angeline Chunns
Lillian Daniels
Matilda Davison
Clara Del Vecchio
Josephine Dettone
Elma Di Cico
Doris Ervey
Eleanor Faretna
Rose Galelio
Catherine Gralner

Clara May Harp
Freida Jenkins
Frances Jures
Ella La Conte
Dorothy Lucarella
Diana Luciano
Regina Marbach
Bessie Minor
Julia Muller
Bettista Naparella
Agatha Pellegrino
Louise Powell
Annabelle Reames
Anna Scaglione
Marilyn Schenkel
Shirley Schwartz
Phyllis Silano
Mary Simpson
Caroline Stanton
Christine Stauras
Catherine Thorn
Martha Trusheim
Nellie Tunison
Dorothy Upshaw
Madeline Valvano
Hazel Venable
Odessa White

HOME ROOM 218

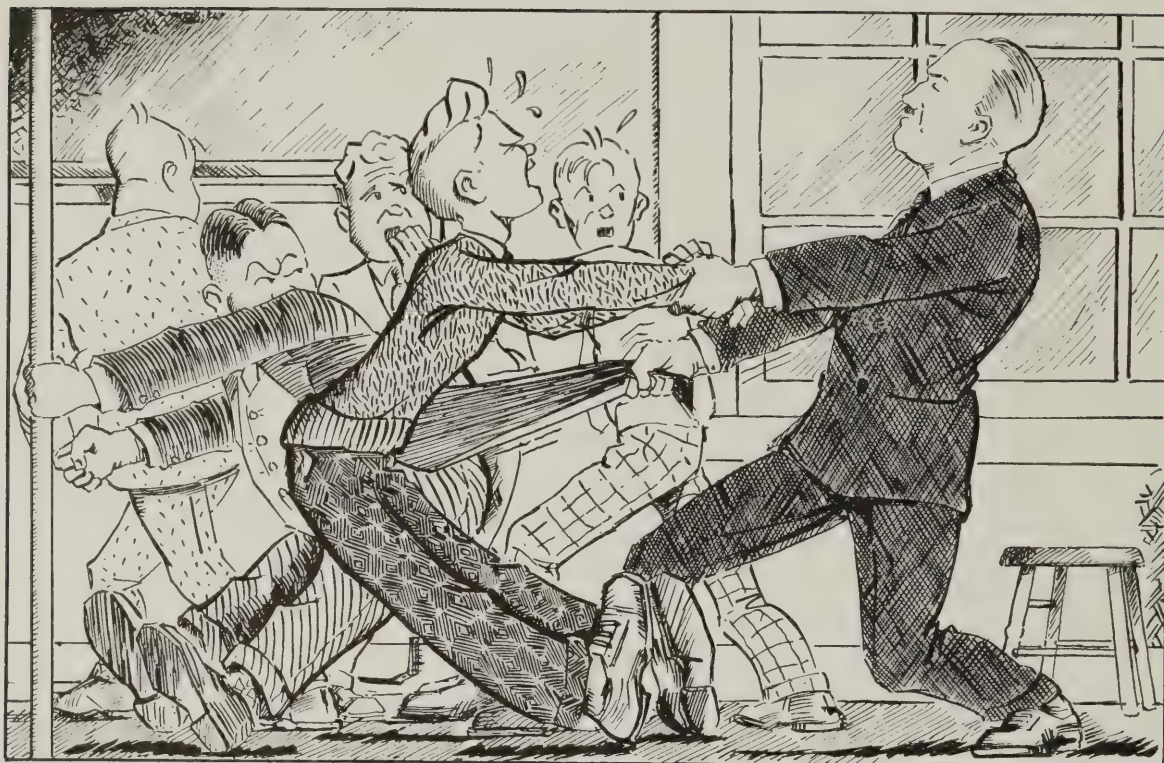
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Jean Brannan
Marilyn Cannon
Rita Cardoza
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Julia Dworanowich
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Marion Guerin
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Louise Lampariello
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Agnes McLaughlin
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Anne Pascucci
Violet Pierro

Ruth Reed
Angelina Rigopoulous
Regina Riley
Doris Seidenberg
Shirley Siegel
Helen Smith
Marie Spinelli
Edna Thorpe
Eleanor Vitale
Doris Waukmuller
Helen Waters
Dorothy Yaneson
Betty Zinn

HOME ROOM 419

Richard Bullock
Herb Brower
Edward Brendel
Charles Burkman
Robert Bryan
William Cramer
Dominick Cicillo
Robert Coran
Louis Cuseo
Alfred Clark
William Donnelley
Harold Davidson
Michael Del Mauco
Arthur Gauss
Robert Heid
Robert Hart
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Amos Owens
Julius Prouine
Oliver Preasha
Kenneth Rimoudi
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Nicholas Tsirikos
Frank Torricelli
Robert Wiggins
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Harold Williams
Fred Werner
Stephen Werner
Alphonso White
Benners Pagette
Robert Shirley
Joseph Gernicola

FRESHMEN DANCE CLASS



FOUR YEARS LATER

1940 VIGNETTE 1941

4B CLASS MEETING



ARTS HIGH SCHOOL

GRADUATE NOTES

With each commencement one always wonders, as the latest candidates receive their diplomas, what the old grads are now doing in the world. Perhaps they excelled in one subject. Do they continue their studies? Let's find out.

Peter Arella and Louis Spada, both former concertmasters of our orchestra, are trying out for the all-American Youth Orchestra under Stokowski.

John Frascatore is now a student at Montclair State Teacher's College.

Inez Letzerick is attending the New Jersey College for Women.

George Goldstein is studying voice at the Juilliard School of Music.

Karl Liebowitz, while attending Essex Junior College, is also playing the piano in a professional orchestra.

Studying to be a music teacher at Pottsdam, New York, is Irene Olzewsky.

William Phillips, one of Mr. Rudolph's better music students, is completing a course at N. Y. U. and has come back as a practice teacher under Mr. Rudolph.

Seymour Schaeffer plays with Bob Chester's Orchestra as solo trombonist.

Robert Martin is also taking a music course at N. Y. U.

Edward Koslosky is now a display man and a sign maker on his own.

Truman Toland, because of his advanced art training, skipped two years at Yale University.

May Kaplan, one of the older graduates, won a scholarship at Pratt Institute.

Morton Bergman, Ruth Bauer and Elaine Hummel are now attending the Art College here.

Joe Caroff, Edward Boccia, Ruth Schwartz and Jack Green are all attending Pratt Institute.

Arthur Conlan is employed in the art display department of the Newark Evening News.

Naomi Sobel has entered the theatrical world and has played in summer stock companies.

Norman Tokar is really successful in the theatrical field. He has played in two Broadway shows, "What a Life," and "See My Lawyer," his latest. Although Naomi and Norman were not trained for the professional stage here, on their own they have obtained experience through playing in stock companies and small parts.

Tom Shirley is now attending Panzer College where he is studying to be a gymnasium teacher.

Morris Parker is now a contender for the world's feather weight boxing title.

Walter Glenn is studying medicine at Howard College.

Ruth Mandelbaum and Dorcia Saunders are attending New Jersey State Teachers College at Newark.

Bob Otten, John Bischoff and Jack Szesze are employed in the window display department at L. Bamberger and Co. and are doing very successfully.

Louis Hanke is now employed in the Art department of the Kresge Department Store.

Margaret Sullivan won the Fawcett Scholarship and another at Pratt Institute. She graduated and is now teaching art in the New Jersey State Teachers College.

Robert Armstrong is now employed in the Newark Public Library. His experience in our Library Guild proved invaluable.

Cynthia Halliwell is attending Montclair State Normal School.

Henry Brezicki has been painting diligently and has had his pictures exhibited in Montclair, at Kresges, and now at the World's Fair.

George Cohn, one of the first graduates of the school, has returned to teach art here.

When Amelia Gans attended school here she was a very active member on the Red Cross Committee. Through her work in hospitals she became very interested in medicine. She is now studying to be a dental assistant.

Of the first four students that graduated in January, 1934 Ruth Davis is married, Cosmo Genovese is studying for a degree at College, and Bernard Robin has an art gallery.

Geraldine Schneider and Dorothy Bell.

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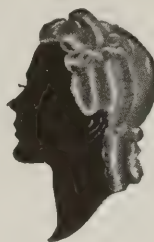
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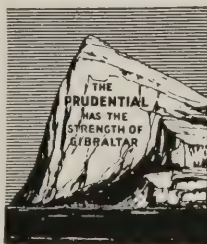
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